

# FEATURE FUNNIES



NOVEMBER

NO. 14

10¢

I LIKE THE WAY THE BOYS ARE  
TACKLING THE DUMMIES THIS  
YEAR, NED!



JOE PALOOKA



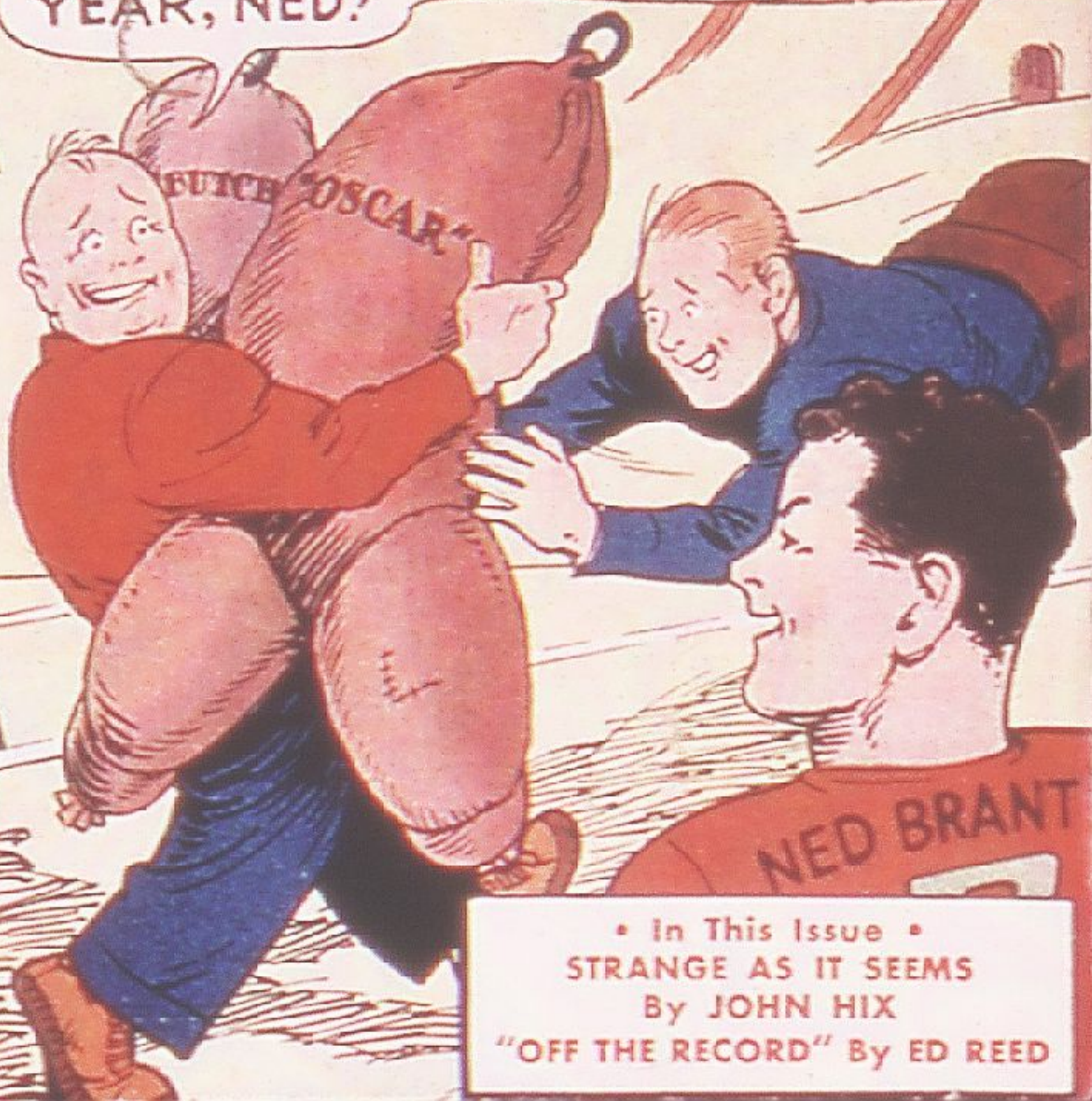
MICKEY FINN



LALA PALOOZA



THE BUNGLES



• In This Issue •

STRANGE AS IT SEEMS

By JOHN HIX

"OFF THE RECORD" By ED REED





WEB COMIC  
UNIVERSE.COM



double your fun  
with the



See Buck Jones in  
his latest Columbia  
Picture, "The Stran-  
ger From Arizona"

# DAISY "DOUBLE-GUN"

- 100 Shot repeater
- Two barrels—two triggers
- Automatic force-feed
- Engraved jacket
- Oval hardwood stock



**\$5.00**

**W**HEN you get your hands on this Daisy you'll think you're holding a high-priced double-barrel shotgun. Hon-estly! You can't tell the difference 'til you see that it actu-ally has two genuine Daisy force-feed shot tubes—one in each of its two full size blued steel barrels. To load it you remove both tubes and fill them up—50 shots each—then screw them back in. Now cock both barrels at one time with a simple break-action. When you try the triggers nothing happens—they're locked! Why? Because when the Daisy Double-Gun is cocked, the safety automatically locks both triggers—it can't go off accidentally. You leave the safety on 'til you're ready to shoot. Then a simple little push with the thumb and it's off. You

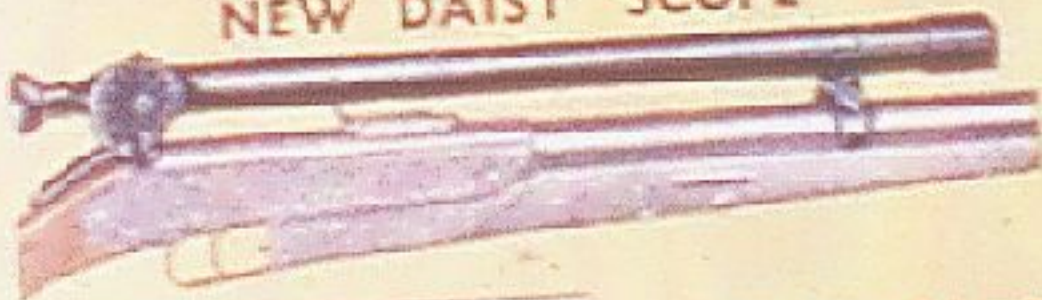


Note—beautifully engraved jacket, safety lever, two triggers and sturdy construction.

take aim (and it's perfectly balanced for easy aiming) and bang! bang!—first trigger, second trigger—two shots with one cocking! This amazing Daisy is really two straight-shooting hard-hitting air rifles in one. When you go to the store to see it, watch for the beautifully engraved dog and bird design on the jacket, the polished oval stock, and—by all means—pick it up! Get the swing and "feel" of this sturdy beauty. You'll be proud to own a Daisy Double-Gun.

Which Daisy do YOU want? See these models—many more—in new four-color descriptive catalog. Send for one today—it's FREE!

## Improve Your Aim With the NEW DAISY 'SCOPE



No. 300 Daisy Telescope Sight. Universal mounts make it easy to attach this precision 'scope to any Daisy (except double-barrel). Real lens practically doubles the size of your target. Fully equipped with accurate elevation gauge and rubber

eye-piece. First precision telescope sight ever made to sell at such an amazingly low price. Complete, ready to attach, in colored carton, only **\$1.00**

FIT THE NEW DAISY 'SCOPE TO ANY OF THESE MODELS.

No. 115 Targeteer - Auto-matic-type repeating pistol. 25 target cards, two-springing targets, take up 500 shots, in carton that serves as target backdrop.

COMPLETE **\$2.00**

Extra Shot - 10¢ per tube of 500



No. 101 Daisy Single Shot. Blued steel, lever-action, natural finish hardwood stock. Every inch a Daisy

**\$1.25**

No. 102 Daisy 500 Shot Repeater. Beautifully finished in polished nickel. Natural hard-wood stock. Fill it up with 500 shot

**\$1.75**

No. 103 Daisy Buck Jones Special. Pump-repeater with Buck Jones' name engraved on jacket. Real compass and sundial in hardwood stock

**\$3.50**

DAISY MANUFACTURING CO.  
113 UNION ST., PLYMOUTH, MICH.



**JOE PALOOKA'S  
BOXING  
COUPES**

By *Knobby Walsh*  
TRANSLATED BY HAM FISHER

BEFORE  
TRY  
DOING  
ANY  
THING  
YOU  
SHOULD  
FEEL



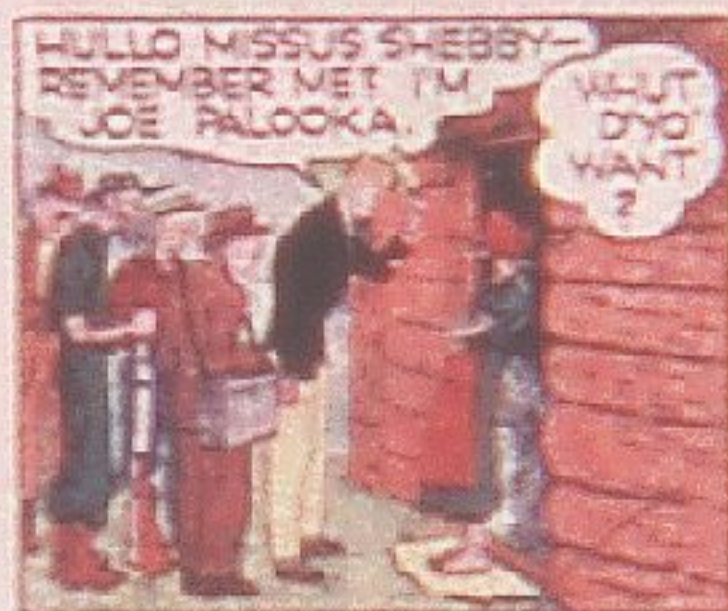
SPRING  
FORWARD  
AND BACK  
AS YOU  
BLOCK  
BLOWS—  
LEARN  
FOOTWORK  
FIRST—  
DO THIS  
FOR TEN  
MINUTES



SKIP TO  
THE SIDE  
— NOW  
THE OTHER  
SIDE —  
DUCK—GO  
FORWARD,  
WATCH  
YOUR  
WIND  
IMPROVE

# JOE PALOOKA

By **HAM FISHER**





# JOE PALOOKA'S BOXING COURSE

By HAM FISHER

BY THE TIME YOU SHOULD BE FAST ON YOUR FEET. NOW, LEARN TO MAKE A FIST.



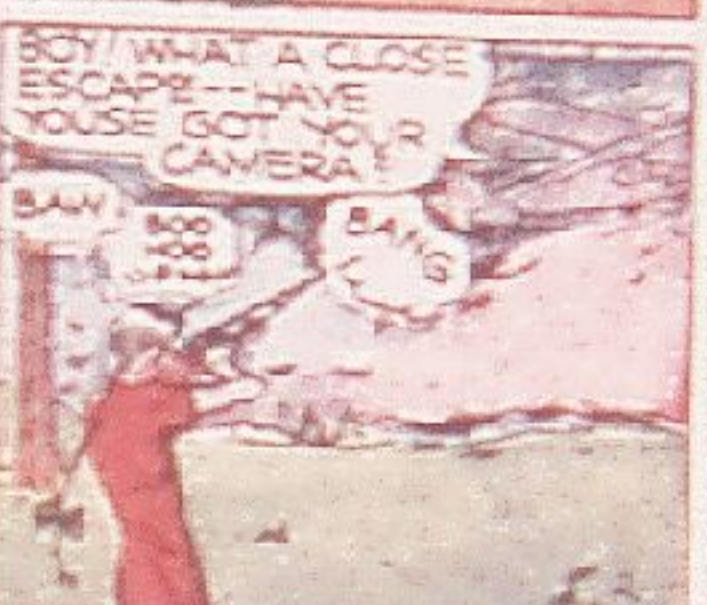
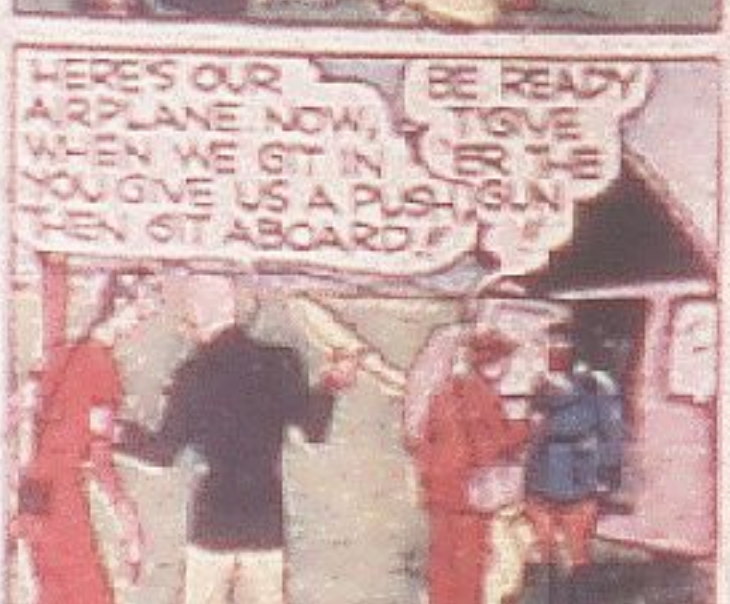
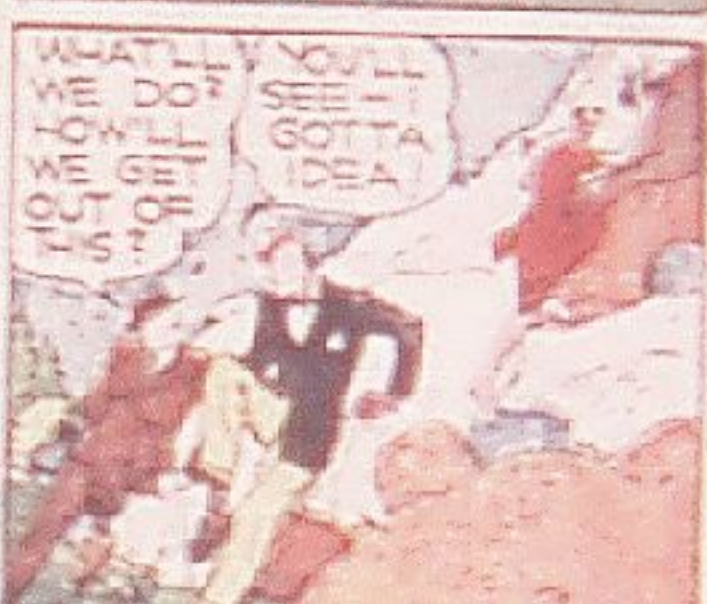
THE FINGERS IN THE PALM OF THE HAND PROTECTS THE FIRST TWO—HIT WITH THE KNUCKLE



I ADVISE USING 6 OR 8 SIZE GLOVES, SO AS NOT TO HURT A FELLA. NEXT, WE TAKE UP "POSTION"

## JOE PALOOKA

By HAM FISHER





# JOE PALOOKA'S BOXING COURSE

NOW FOR POSITION  
SEE HOW JOE HAS  
HIS LEFT  
HAND AND  
FOOT  
EXTENDED  
WITH BODY  
SLIGHTLY  
FORWARD



THE SHOULDER  
LEFT  
SHOULDER  
RIGHT  
ON  
JOE'S  
TOES  
TURNED  
IN



## JOE PALOOKA

By HAM FISHER



IS KNOBBY  
AT THE  
CLUB?

HE JUST LEFT  
JOE--HE'S ON  
HIS WAY TO  
MEET YOU!



BOY OH  
BOY!! DID  
HE GET A  
LOAD  
ON!

THAT LAST  
ONE WAS  
JUST ONE  
TOO MANY!!



LA DEE  
DOO-DA!!



PURR  
PURR!!



SUFFERIN' CATS!!  
A DRAGON!! WHERE'D  
YOU COME FROM?  
HICK!

URRRK!!



GET AWAY  
FROM ME, GWAN  
NOW--  
SHOO-  
SHOO!

DONG!!



HONEST OFFISHER--Y'BETTER  
I--IT ANT MINE!! GO HOME,  
MR. WALSH!



MY GOONESH--THIS IS  
AWFUL! HE'LL SET SOMETHIN'  
ON FIRE!

HONK!  
HONK!



MIGHT'S WELL GIT A  
LIGHT FER MY--  
HIC-CIGAR!

MEOW  
URKKK



NOW LOOKA HERE! I DIDNT  
MIND SLONG AS YA BEHAVED,  
BUT FIGHTIN' WITH PEOPLE'S  
DOGS--AT'S TOO MUCH!



AN' I KIN GIT A HIC-  
RID OF YA! I'M TAKIN' A  
ASPIRIN AN' YOU'LL GO  
WAY!!



DONT YE THINK  
ID BETTER GET  
YE A CAB,  
SIR?

SALL RIGHT,  
OFFISHER--  
HE'S GONE!!  
HE WON'T  
TROUBLE  
NOBODY  
ANY MORE  
--HIC!!



# JOE PALOOKA'S BOXING COURSE

By HAM FISHER

DON'T TENSE YOUR MUSCLES WHEN YOU PUNCH! IT'S TIMING AND ACCURACY THAT COUNT. ALWAYS BE WATCHING FOR AN OPENING, THEN PUNCH!

MON—CAN I HAVE AN EXTRA PILLOW?  
OF COURSE!

HANG AN OLD PILLOW AND TRY LEARN TO JAB WITH YOUR LEFT. IT'S YOUR MOST IMPORTANT WEAPON!

SO THAT'S IT!

## JOE PALOOKA

By HAM FISHER



More of Joe Palooka and Knobby in the December issue—on sale October 28th.



# Off Side ~ By Metzger



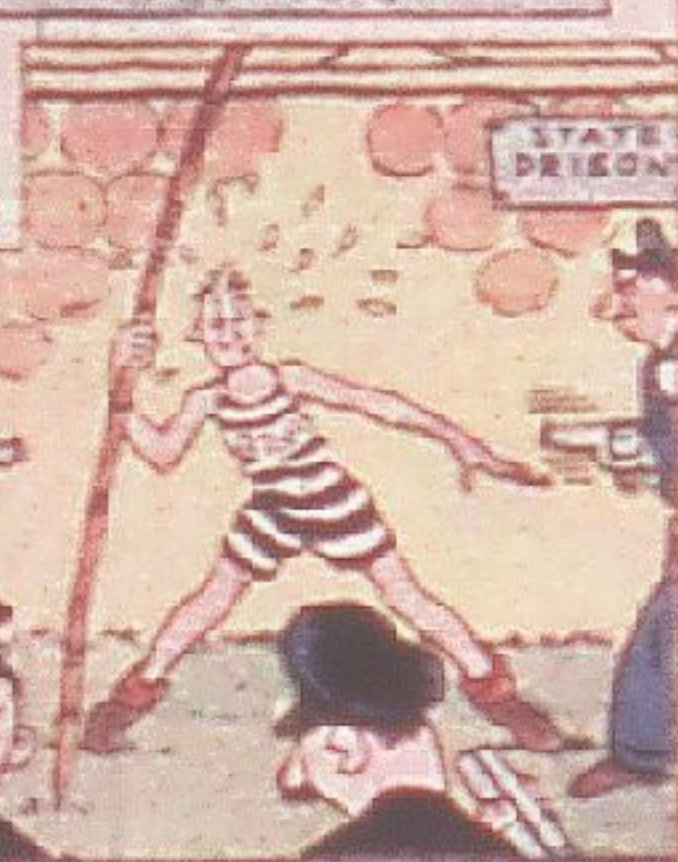
"I DON'T CARE WHAT YOU LOST! RETURN MY DOG'S MUZZLE AT ONCE!"



"IT WAS NICE OF THE MAJOR TO SPLIT THE LOAD THIS WAY!"



"WHAT D'YA MEAN TOSS IT? I CAN'T EVEN LIFT IT!"



"WE'LL HAVE NO MORE POLE VAULTING ON OUR ATHLETIC PROGRAMS!"



"SO THAT STRIKE WAS WAIST HIGH!! MAYBE IT WAS 'YOU SHORTY!'"



"HEY! ONE OF US IS DRIFTING AWAY FROM HOME!"

## Free MYSTERIOUS ERECTORSCOPE

Buy! The Mysterious Erectorscope brings you sights so surprising, so mysterious, so wondrous you can scarcely believe your eyes. One second you are only a blur—the next around you feel you are so close to mighty mechanical monsters you can reach out and touch them. Free—with big catalog of new All-Electric Erector.

THIS ERECTORSCOPE SURE IS SHAZZY



RUSH COUPON OR TO POST CARD

GILBERT HALL OF SCIENCE  
141 Erector Square  
New Haven, Conn.

Quick! Send me Mysterious Erectorscope and catalog on sensational new All-Electric Erector—both free.

Name

Street

City  State

OH BOY! WITH CHRISTMAS FIREWORKS!

**FREE**

CATALOG AND COUPON

Return coupon with order for fireworks and get this 24c box of SALUTES FREE

SPENDER FIREWORKS CO., 10 West 51st St., NEW YORK, N.Y.

## ELECTRIC UNCOUPLING

New Exclusive Feature in 1938

**LIONEL**  
TRAINS



You want a push button. An electric uncoupler. In the car. The uncoupler is the new feature. Read all about this important device. See color pictures of the greatest model train in the world today. Get new catalog NOW—right coupon at back.

The Lionel Corporation, Dept. 5  
15 Best Term Street, New York, N.Y.  
Enclosed is \$2.00 for a copy of the new 1938 67-page full-color Lionel Catalog. Send in 25c.

Name

Address

City  State



# JANE ARDEN

by MAMIE BARNETT

JANE, YOU'RE SURE A BIG HELP IN RUNNING THESE RACKETEERS DOWN!

WHO ARE YOU WATCHING?



HMM! IT'S BLUE CHIP BAKER, THE RACKETEER!!



HE'S GREAT ON SHINDLING WIDOWS! IT'S A JOB FOR YOU—WE'VE GOT TO CATCH HIM!



SURE ENOUGH! HE HAD THIS PAPER TURNED TO THE DEATH NOTICES--



INSPECTOR, THAT'S OUR CHANCE—COME ON!



IF CHEATING WIDOWS IS HIS GAME HE WAS LOOKING UP NEW PROSPECTS! I'LL TRADE PLACES WITH ONE OF 'EM!



BUT—HE'S BOUND TO HAVE JUST SEEN YOU WITH ME!

IT'S UP TO ME TO CHANGE MY APPEARANCE—LET'S CALL ON THIS ONE!

IT MAY WORK AT THAT!



BAKER SHINDLES WIDOWS, MRS. HARDY—AND YOU ARE ON HIS LIST!!



I'D LIKE TO HELP YOU—BUT—

BY HELPING YOU MAY BE SAVING A WOMAN HER LIFE'S SAVINGS!

ALL—RIGHT, WHAT SHALL I DO?

SIMPLY LET JANE TAKE YOUR PLACE FOR A FEW DAYS!



CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

OH—UNCLE PIKE DONE BUSTED HIS SPECKTICLES!



WHAT'S WRONG AT THE POST OFFICE?

THAT'S NOT SERIOUS—I'LL JUST GET MY MAIL AND--



BUT—WHO'LL SORT OUT THE WRITIN' IF UNCLE PIKE DON'T FE

WORST THING EVER DO HAPPEN HERE!

SLUCKS, I'LL SORT MAIL FOR HIM!!



THIS GAL SAYS SHE KIN SORT THE MAIL, UNCLE PIKE



SHE KINTWELL, 'T WONT DO NO GOOD ANY—HOW!

'TAINT RIGHT FER ANYBODY BUT ME 'T SORT MAIL—BUT COME 'LONG—

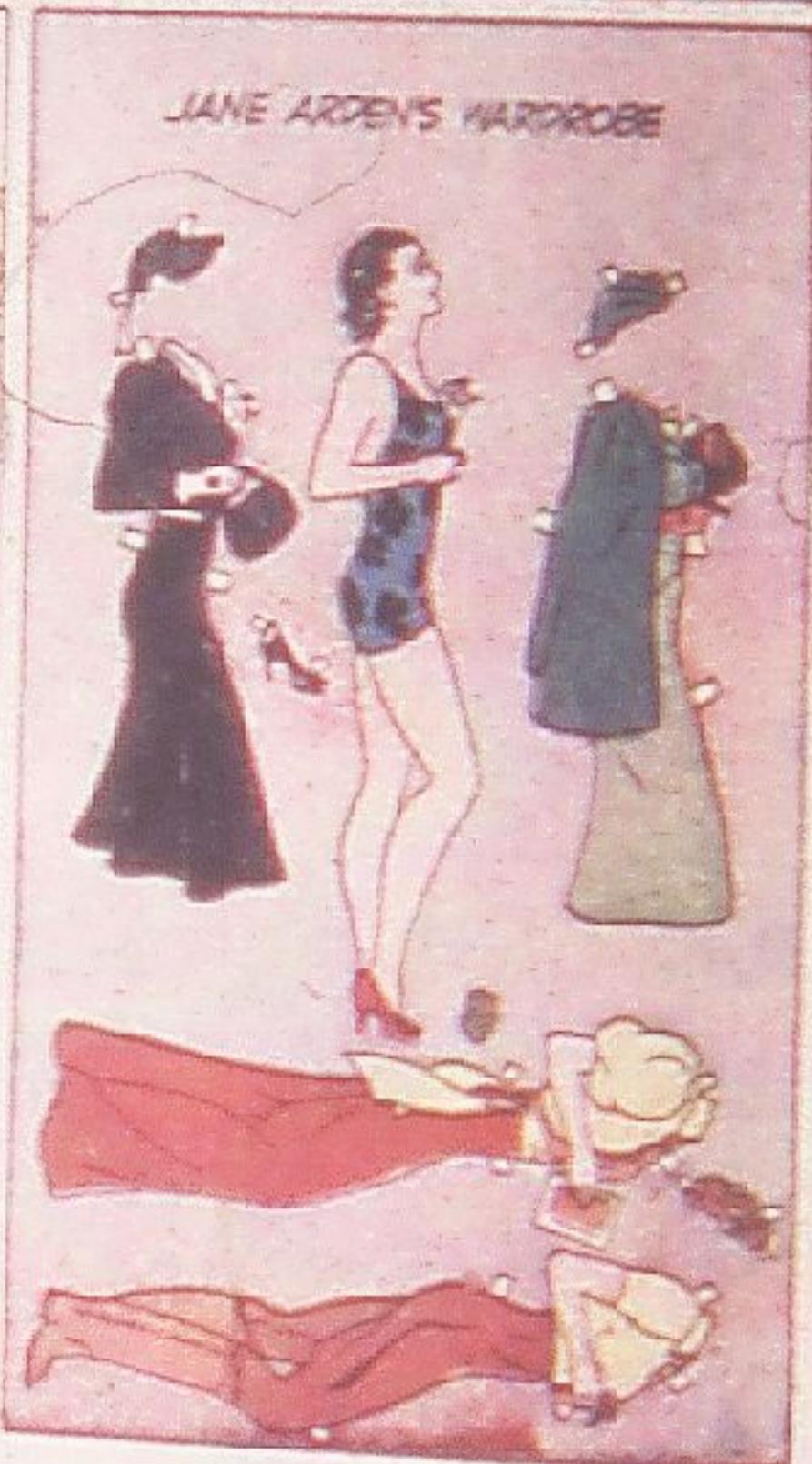
NOW, IF YOU WISH TRAYOR ME SISTER—



YE KIN READ ME THE POST-CARDS—I LIKE T'KNOW WHAT'S DOIN



## JANE ARDEN'S WARDROBE





# JANE ARDEN

The Famous Detective and Her Assistant E. J. Hardy

JANE  
DISGUISES  
HERSELF  
TO TRAP  
THE  
SHADLER  
BAKER

HE SAW  
ME ONCE,  
DO YOU  
THINK  
HE'D  
KNOW  
ME NOW?

NO SIR!!  
THE WIG  
AND  
GLASSES  
SURE  
DO THE  
TRICK!!

MRS. HARDY,  
IF A STRANGER  
CALLS TRADE  
PLACES  
WITH JANE

LEAVE  
THINGS  
TO US,  
INSPECTOR

HERE'S  
THE  
HOUSE,  
AND  
THE  
NAME  
IS  
HARDY!!

GO  
TRY  
YOUR  
LUCK!

A STRANGE  
MAN IS  
AT THE  
DOOR?  
STAY  
OUT OF  
SIGHT  
MRS HARDY,  
I'LL HANDLE  
THIS--

MRS  
HARDY?  
I'M  
SEEKING  
YOUR  
HUSBAND  
MR.  
E. J. HARDY

MY HUSBAND?  
DIDN'T YOU  
KNOW HE'S  
DEAD?

DEAD? I'M  
SORRY,  
I DIDN'T  
KNOW

YOU MEAN  
YOU OWE HIM  
\$5000

BAKER, A  
BROKER--HE  
HAD A \$5000  
CREDIT ON  
MY BOOKS!

NAWRY YES--  
HE BOUGHT  
100 SHARES  
OF STOCK  
AND PAID  
\$5000 DOWN.  
THE PRICE  
WAS \$8.500,  
AND NOW  
MORE NOW!  
HERE'S THE  
CERTIFICATE

FOR \$3.500  
MORE I'D GET  
\$8.500 WORTH  
OF STOCK

YES--WOULD  
YOU CARE TO  
PAY  
THE BAL-  
ANCE  
OR SHALL  
I SELL THE  
STOCK--

I'D LIKE  
TO PAY  
THE REST  
IF GIVEN  
TIME TO  
RAISE IT!

HMM--THAT'S  
A GENUINE  
CERTIFICATE  
AND A GOOD  
STOCK!  
WHAT'S  
HE UP  
TO?  
SURELY  
MRS.  
HARDY!

I'LL BUY  
SOME GOOD  
MAGAZINES  
TO READ!  
MY, IT  
GETS  
HOTLY  
ON THAT  
FARM!

WHERE  
ARE  
YOUR MAG-  
AZINES?  
SAY--THEM  
NEW GUNS  
AIN'T NO  
GOOD--I  
STILL PREFER  
AN OLD  
SQUIRE  
RIFLE  
GAL! YES  
MAAM

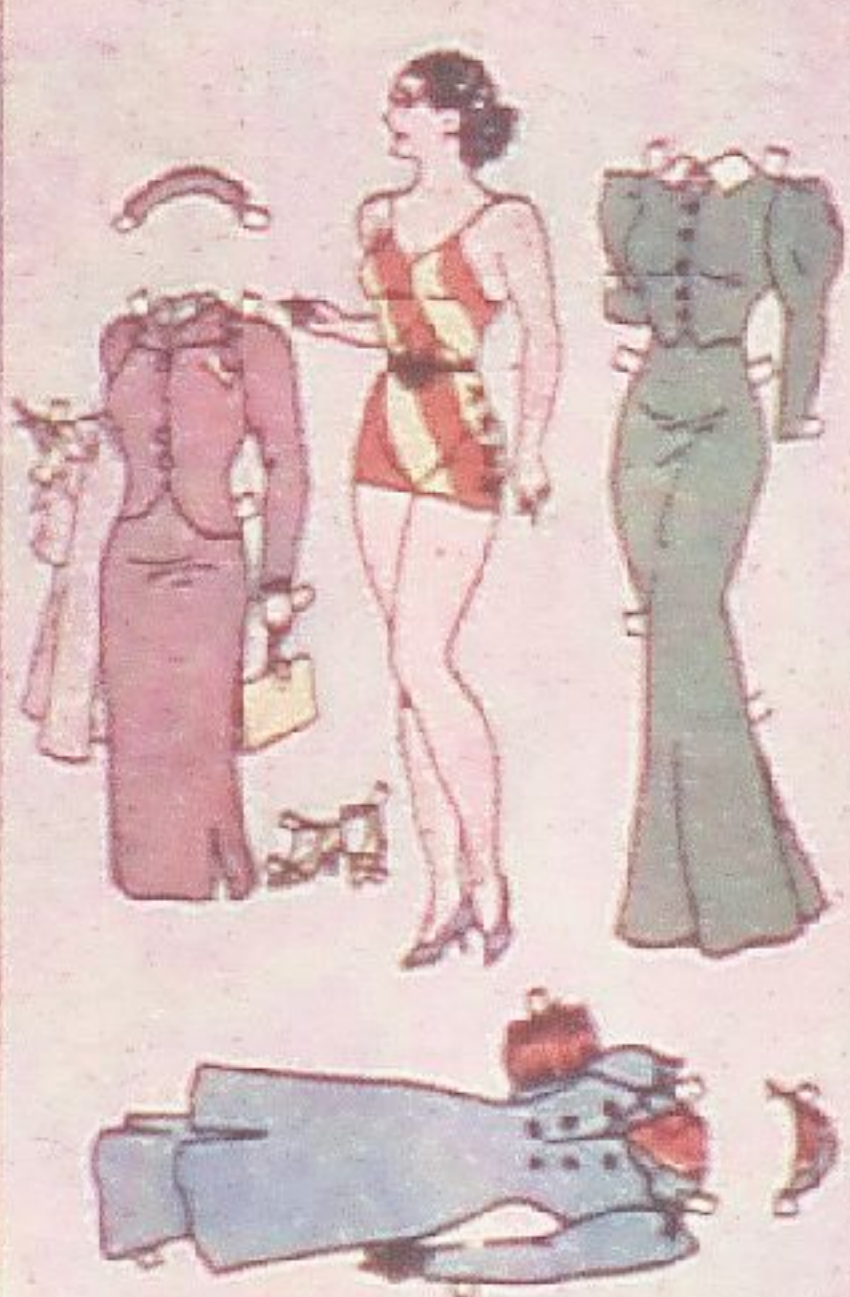
I MEAN  
MAG-  
AZINES  
TO READ!  
I ONLY  
HEARD  
OF MAG-  
AZINE  
RIFLES!!

CAN  
I BUY  
A BOOK  
THEN?  
STOP  
JOKIN'!  
GAL--  
BUY A  
BOOK--  
TO HO--  
TO HO--

IS IT SO  
FUNNY TO  
BUY A  
BOOK?  
SEEMS  
QUEER  
TO ME

WE GIVE 'EM FREE!!  
WHAT'LL IT BE--  
THE MAIL ORDER  
CATALOGUE  
OR THE  
ALMANAC  
SISTER  
??

## JANE ARDEN'S WARDROBE





# JANE ARDEN

By Maxie Harwood and Howard K. Ross

AS JANE  
LAYS  
PLANS TO  
TRAP  
THE  
CROOK,  
BLUE-CHIP  
BAKER.

HE SAYS I  
HAVE \$5000  
CREDIT ON 100  
STOCK SHARES.  
THE BALANCE  
DUE IS  
\$13,500.

IT'S A  
GOOD STOCK  
AND WORTH  
MORE THAN  
\$18,500 NOW!

HE SHOWED  
ME THE STOCK  
CERTIFICATE.

HAVE A  
GLEANING  
CERTIFICATE  
- SEE IF IT  
LOOKS THE  
SAME -

EXACTLY! HE  
SEEMS TO  
GIVE ME  
\$5000 --  
AND HE'S  
RETURNING  
TODAY FOR  
THE \$13,500  
BALANCE.



COME  
INSPECTOR,  
IF I DIS-  
COVER  
HIS GAME  
I'LL NEED  
YOUR  
HELP!



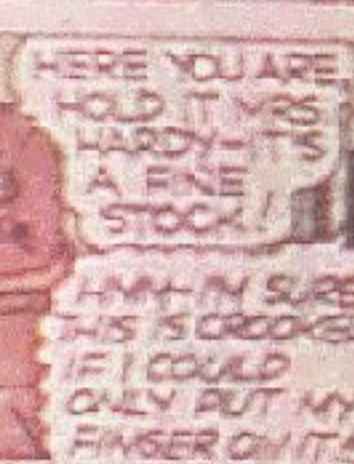
OKAY!



AH MRS.  
HARDY!  
DID YOU  
RAISE  
THE  
MONEY?



HERE'S  
MY  
CHECK.  
HAVE  
YOU  
THE  
STOCK  
CERTIFI-  
CATE?



HERE YOU ARE.  
HOLD IT MRS.  
HARDY - IT'S  
A FINE  
STOCK!

HMM - I'M SURE  
THIS IS CROOKED.  
IF I COULD  
ONLY PUT MY  
FINGER ON IT!



WELL - HERE  
IS A REAL  
CERTIFICATE.  
THEY'RE  
ALMOST  
ALIKE --  
BUT --



COME IN  
INSPECTOR -  
WE'VE  
GOT OUR  
MAN!

W-WHAT  
IS THE  
MEANING  
OF ALL  
THIS?

YOU'RE  
PINCHED  
BLUE-CHIP --  
AND HEADED  
FOR JAIL!



FEEL THE  
PAPER IN  
THIS  
CERTIFICATE.  
INSPECTOR -  
IT'S JUST A  
CERTIFICATE  
PHOTO-  
GRAPH!

WE'VE  
GOT CHA  
BAKER!

YOU WON'T  
CHEAT ANY  
WIDOWS FOR  
A LONG TIME  
NOW MISTER!



WHY  
DYE  
SIT WHEN  
CHORES  
GOTTA  
BE DONE!

HE'S  
YOUR  
COMPANY  
AND NOT  
MINE!

GET  
BUSY GA!  
- WE GOT  
COMPANY  
A-DOIN' IN  
NOW!



DON'T GET YOUR  
BRASSER -  
I FETCHED DAN'L  
FOR T'FAVOR  
YET!

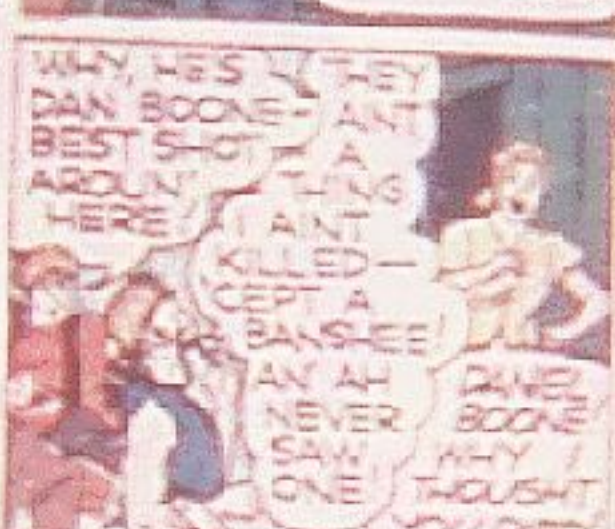
LET 'ER BE  
ZEKE - IF  
SHE'S GOT NO  
MANNERS TO  
FAVOR POLLS!



DON'T GO  
DAN'L - OR  
YE WON'T  
GIT A SHOT  
AT THEM  
BANSHIES!

LAW! DID HE  
COME T'SHOOT  
THAT GHOST?

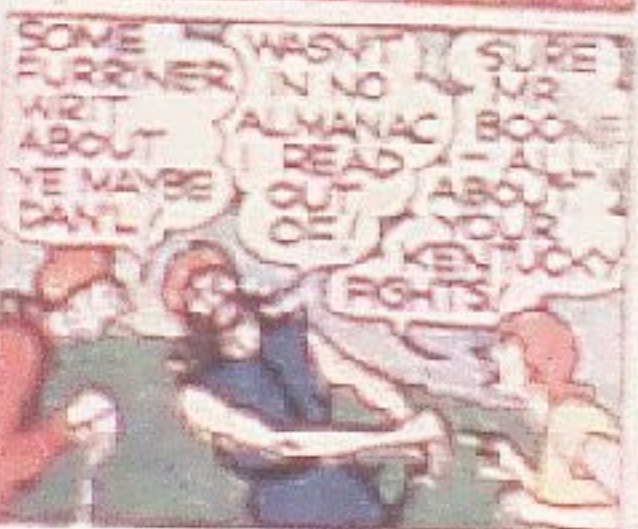
AHM  
MAD!



WHY, HE'S  
DAN BOONE - AIN'T  
BEST SHOT A  
ROUND  
HERE!

I AIN'T  
KILLED -  
CEPT A  
BANSHIE!  
AN AH  
NEVER  
SAW ONE!

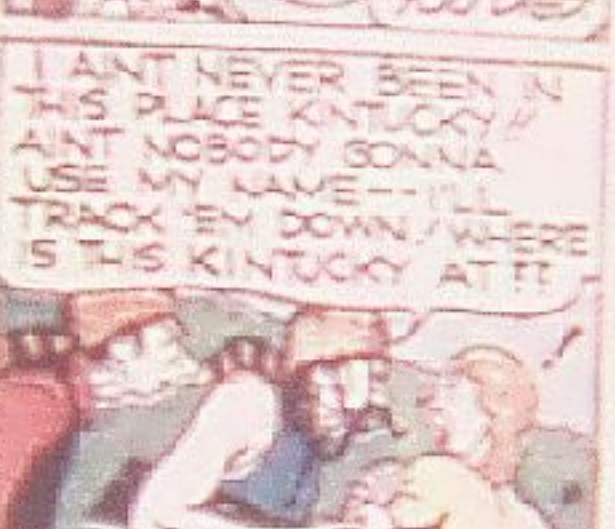
DAN'L  
BOONE  
WHY I  
THOUGHT  
YOU DIED!



SOME  
FURRIER  
WRTT  
ABOUT  
YE MAYBE  
DAN'L!

WASNT  
IN NO  
ALMANAC  
READ  
OUT  
OY!

SURE  
MR  
BOONE  
- ALL  
ABOUT  
YOUR  
KENTUCKY  
RIGHTS!



I AIN'T NEVER BEEN IN  
THIS PLACE KENTUCKY!  
AIN'T NOBODY GONNA  
USE MY NAME - I'LL  
TRACK 'EM DOWN! WHERE  
IS THIS KENTUCKY AT IT!

## JANE ARDEN'S WARDROBE









# BIG TOP BY ED WHEELAN





# BIG TOP BY ED WHEELAN

JUST BEFORE THE THIRD SHOW IN BARNSBORO JEFF SITS WITH HIS LEGAL ADVISER, MAX FOX—

THINGS ARE SWELL HERE, AREN'T THEY MAX?



THREE GOOD SHOWS AT BARNSBORO HERE—WHY, WE'LL BE ON VELVET UNLESS SOMETHING UNLOOKED FOR HAPPENS!



BUT JEFF—THINGS ARE ALWAYS HAPPENING TO A CIRCUS!! AND HOW!



MEANWHILE IN HER TENT, MYRA BREAKS DOWN WHILE PUTTING ON HER MAKE-UP

OH DEAR! HAL HAS AVOIDED ME ALL DAY—AND IT'S ALL MY F-FAULT---



SUDDENLY MYRA SITS ERECT—



ANYWAY HE SHOULDN'T BE AS INDIFFERENT AS THIS!

HE SHOULDN'T HAVE TAKEN IT SO FOR GRANTED THAT I WAS CRAZY ABOUT HIM--ER--EVEN--IF I AM--BUT--



I MIGHT HAVE BEEN SORRY IF HE HADN'T SO AVOIDED ME! BUT NOW I'M NOT!



MEANWHILE IN THE CLOWNS' TENT

—AND DAD, WHEN I WAS OVERJOYED AT SEEING MYRA AND STARTED TO KISS HER SHE BECAME DISTANT—



DAD—IS MYRA FOND OF TEX ROPER WHO REPLACED ME WHEN I COULD NOT OPEN WITH THE SHOW?



HOEEY HAL!



WELL—YOU NEVER CAN TELL DAD—MYRA WAS ALWAYS CRAZY ABOUT THE WEST—SHE WAS ALWAYS ASKING ME ABOUT MY RANCH IN CALIFORNIA!



I KNOW HAL—BUT DON'T WORRY ABOUT TEX ROPER! HE'S NEVER BEEN THE STAR THAT YOU HAVE—YOU'RE THE ONLY ONE MYRA CARES FOR—YOU CAN BET ON THAT—



WELL, WHAT DO YOU ADVISE ME TO DO?



LISTEN—MYRA DOES HER TRAPEZE ACT IN A FEW MINUTES—STOP HER AT THE ENTRANCE AND GO OUT WITH HER NATURALLY



THANKS DAD—I'LL DO THAT!



AND MYRA, NOW AWAITING HER MUSIC CUE IS JOINED BY THE NEW COWBOY STAR, TEX ROPER—



I SURE WANTA MEET YOUR BOY FRIEND, HAL, MISS MYRA!

WHY CALL MR. THOMPSON MY BOY FRIEND?

MISS MYRA, THAT'S WHAT THEY TOLD ME WHEN I JOINED THE SHOW—WHY IF I HADN'T THOUGHT THAT—ID--ER---



SEE HERE, TEX—THEY'VE BEEN POOLING YOU!! I HAVEN'T ANY SO-CALLED BOY FRIEND!



GEE—I SURE AM SORRY, MISS MYRA!!



HAL OVERHEARS MYRA TALKING TO TEX—

I HOPE YOU UNDERSTAND, TEX—THERE'S MY MUSIC!



YES MISS MYRA I SURE DO—

HAL TURNS QUICKLY AND LEAVES—

I TOO NOW UNDERSTAND, OHHH



DAD—I'M DONE WITH MYRA! SHE'S INTERESTED IN TEX ROPER NOW!



WHY HAL, YOU'RE CRAZY!!



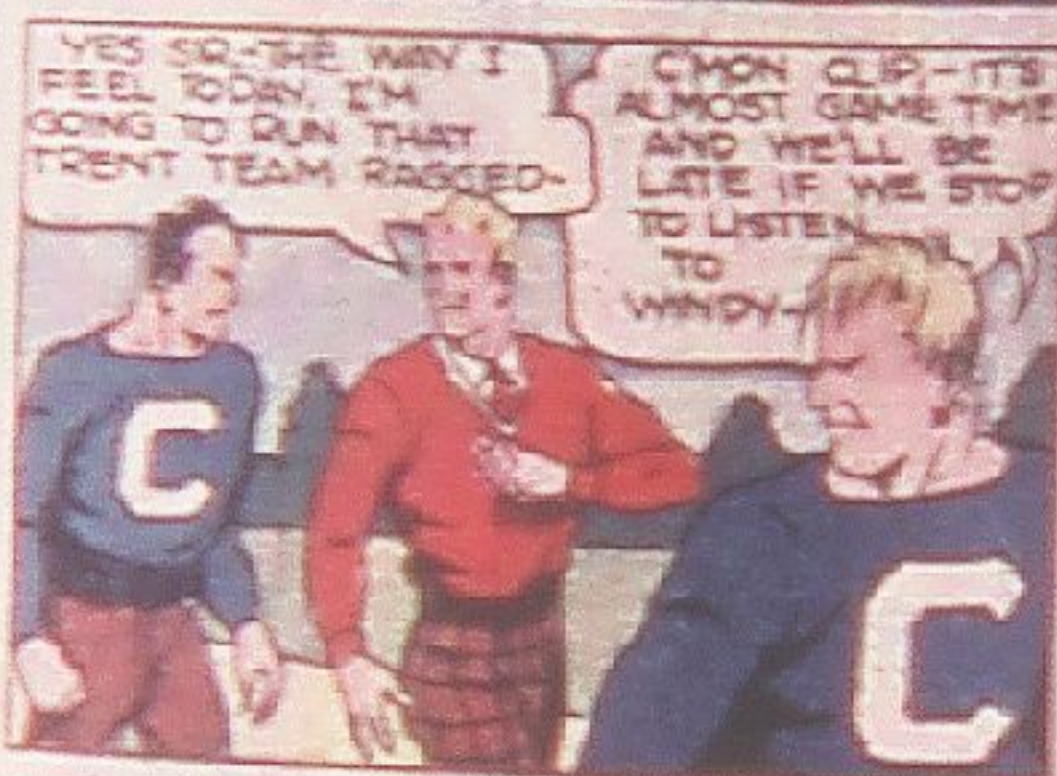
CONTINUED



# CLIP CHANCE AT CLIFFSIDE

BY SCOTT HERDAN

BERT BALL THREATENS TO KEEP CLIP ON THE BENCH BY REPLACING HIM AT RIGHT HALF ON THE FOOTBALL TEAM. THIS HE HAS DONE TO A CERTAIN EXTENT, BALL IS AT RIGHT HALF AND CLIP IS HIS RUNNING MATE AT LEFT HALF BECAUSE OF BERT'S ABILITY AS A BALL CARRIER HE DOES MOST OF THE RUNNING-- AND CLIP, A GREAT TRIPLE-THREAT MAN, RUNS INTERFERENCE FOR THE CONCEITED ATHLETE-----



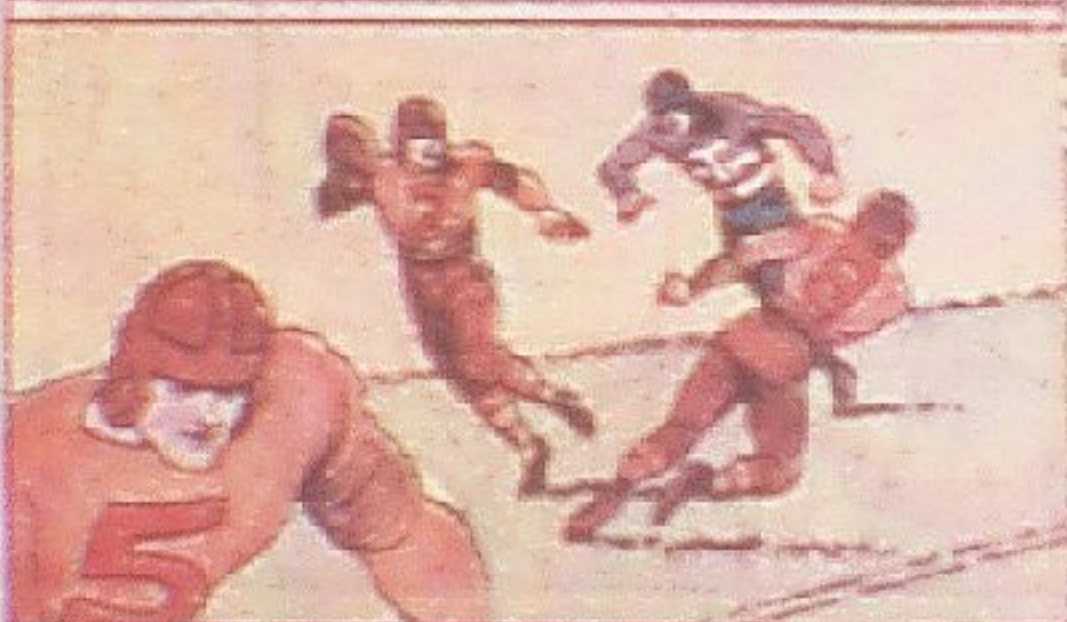


THE GAME IS ON!

LEE OF CLIFFSIDE GETS THE BALL ON THE WIG-OFF AND ADVANCES IT 50 YARDS BEFORE HE IS DOWNED BY BOLD SULLIVAN. TRENT'S SPEEDY LEFT END -



ON THE NEXT PLAY, SLIM WHIPS A SHOOT-PASS TO BERT - - - -



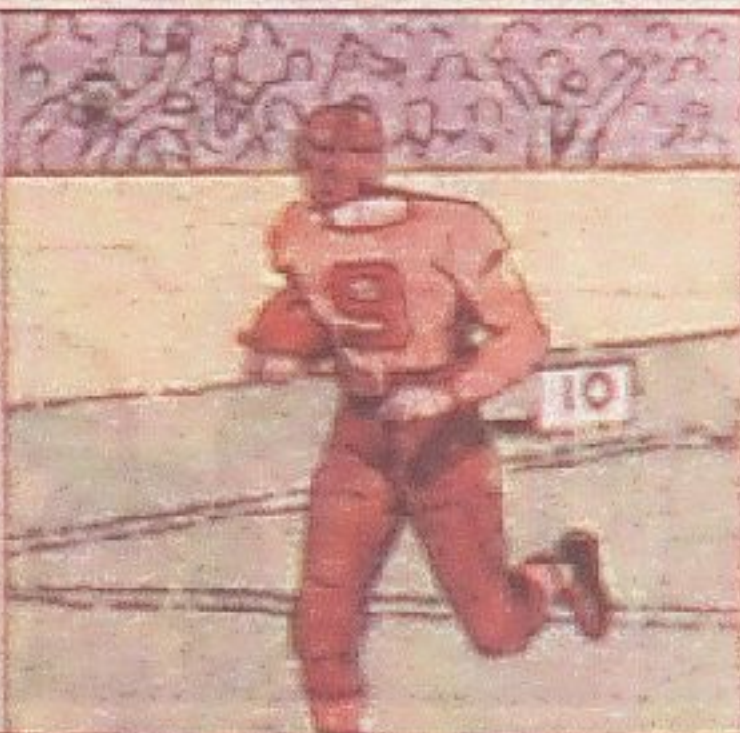
AND CLIP PAVES THE WAY WITH PERFECT INTERFERENCE FOR THE FIRST TOUCHDOWN.



A MIGHTY CHEER GOES UP FOR BALL



LATER, AS THE BRIGGART BALL CROSSES THE GOAL LINE FOR THE THIRD TOUCHDOWN -



THE WHISTLE BLOWS, ENDING THE HALF, WITH CLIFFSIDE LEADING, 20 TO 0 - - -



THE TEAMS START FOR THE LOCKER ROOMS -

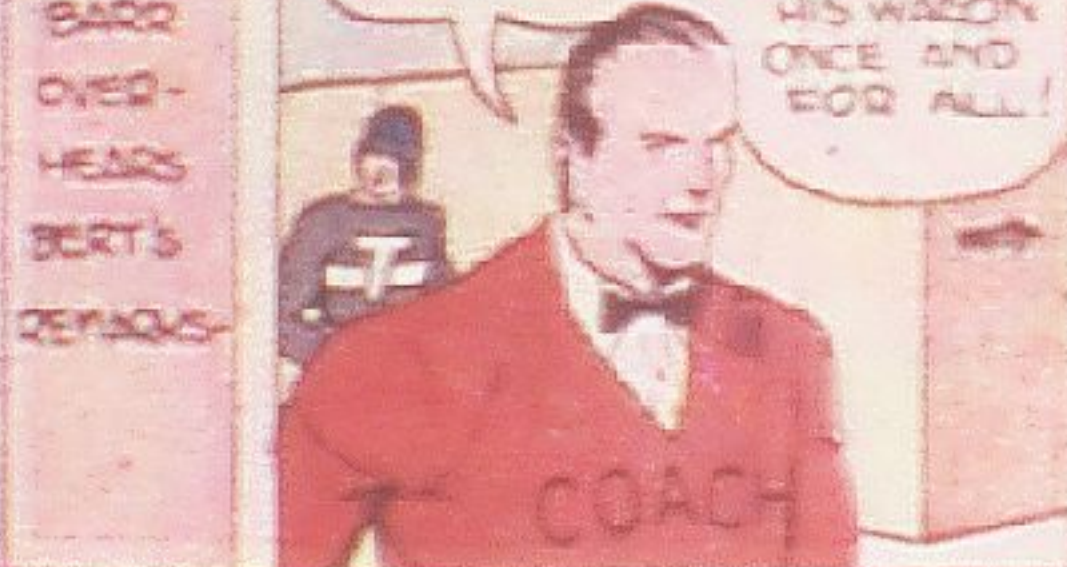
WHY DON'T YOU CARRY THE BALL, CHANCE, AFRAID I'LL SHOW YOU UP?

LAY OFF, BERT -



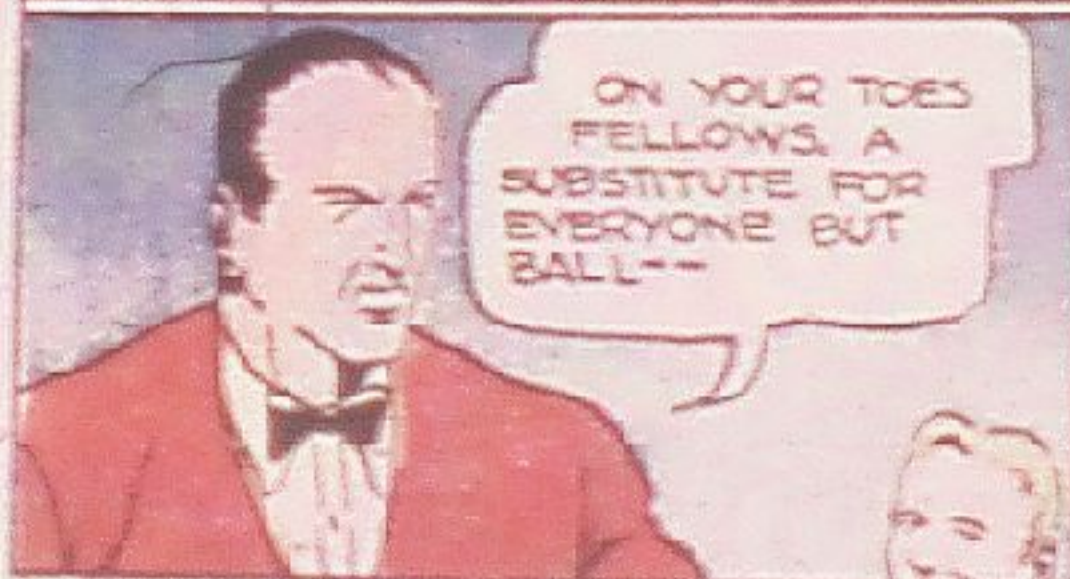
COACH BARR OVER-HEARS BERT'S DEFENSE -

SO, HE'S STILL RIDING CLIP, - WELL, I'LL FIX HIS WAGON ONCE AND FOR ALL!





WITH ALL BUT FOUR MINUTES OF THE LAST QUARTER GONE, COACH BARD DECIDES TO YANK THE FIRST TEAM--



ON YOUR TOES FELLOWS, A SUBSTITUTE FOR EVERYONE BUT BALL--

-WE'RE AHEAD, 26 TO 0 BOYS, HOLD IT AT THAT AND YOU'LL BE DOING FINE--



ON THE FIRST PLAY, THE TRENT LINE BREAKS THROUGH CLIFFSIDE'S SECOND TEAM AND SMOTHERS BERT----



ON THE NEXT PLAY BALL TRYING AN END RUN WITHOUT CLIPS INTERFERENCE IS EASILY DRAGGED DOWN BY 2 TRENT MEN--



YOU'VE SLOWED UP A LOT, BIG-BOY--

WHOOEY!--

SOMETHING'S WRONG, I'LL GIVE THOSE BIRDS A LITTLE PEP TALK--

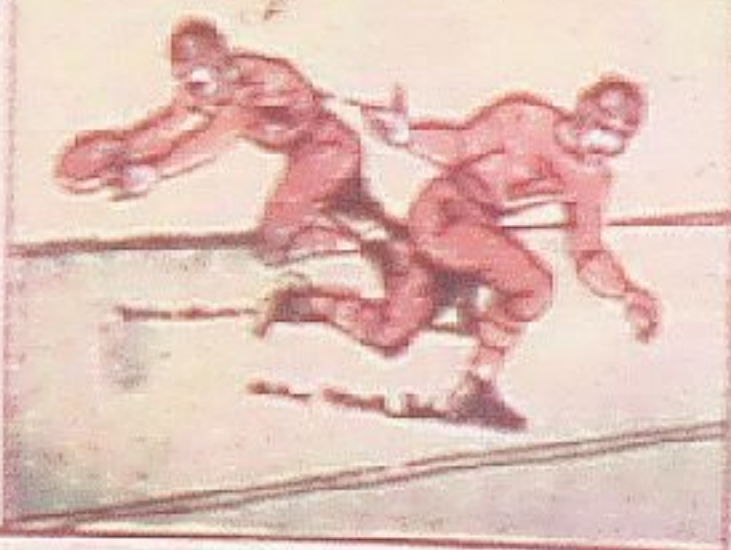


-LISTEN, YOU BUNCH OF SECOND STRINGERS, GET BEHIND ME, I'VE GOT THE STUFF BUT I NEED A LITTLE HELP - NOW LET'S GET GOING - WE GOT ABOUT TEN SECONDS TO GO--



BERT RECEIVES A SHORT LATERAL AND STARTS AROUND RIGHT-END

WATCH ME GO THIS TIME, KID--



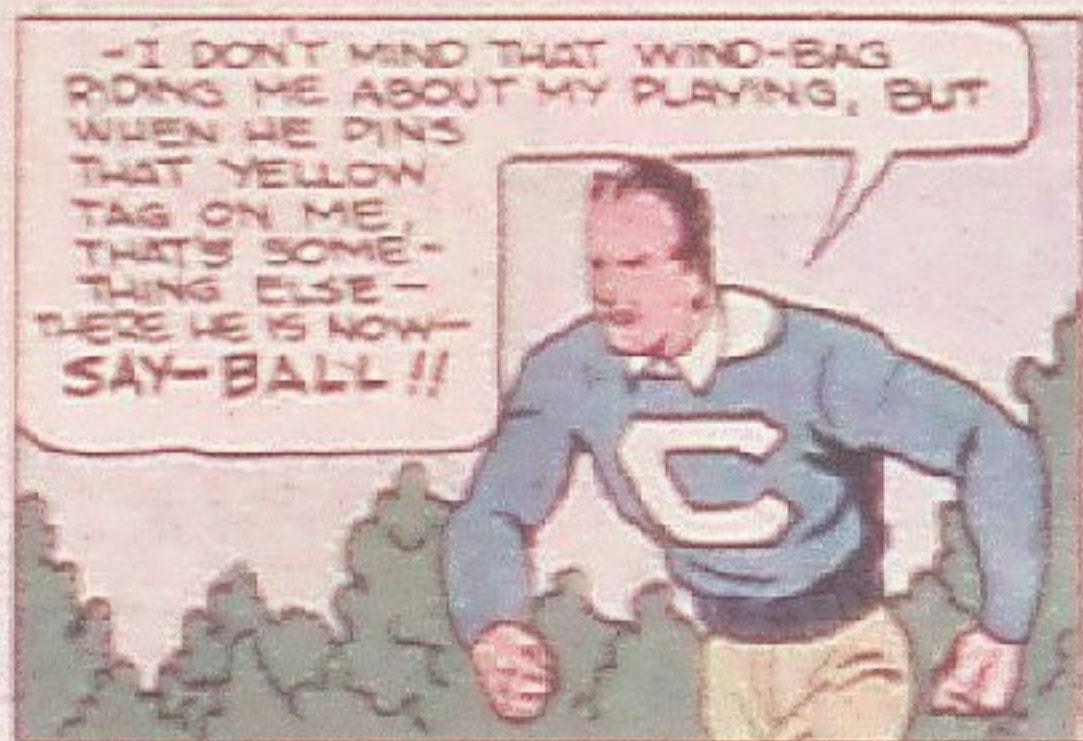
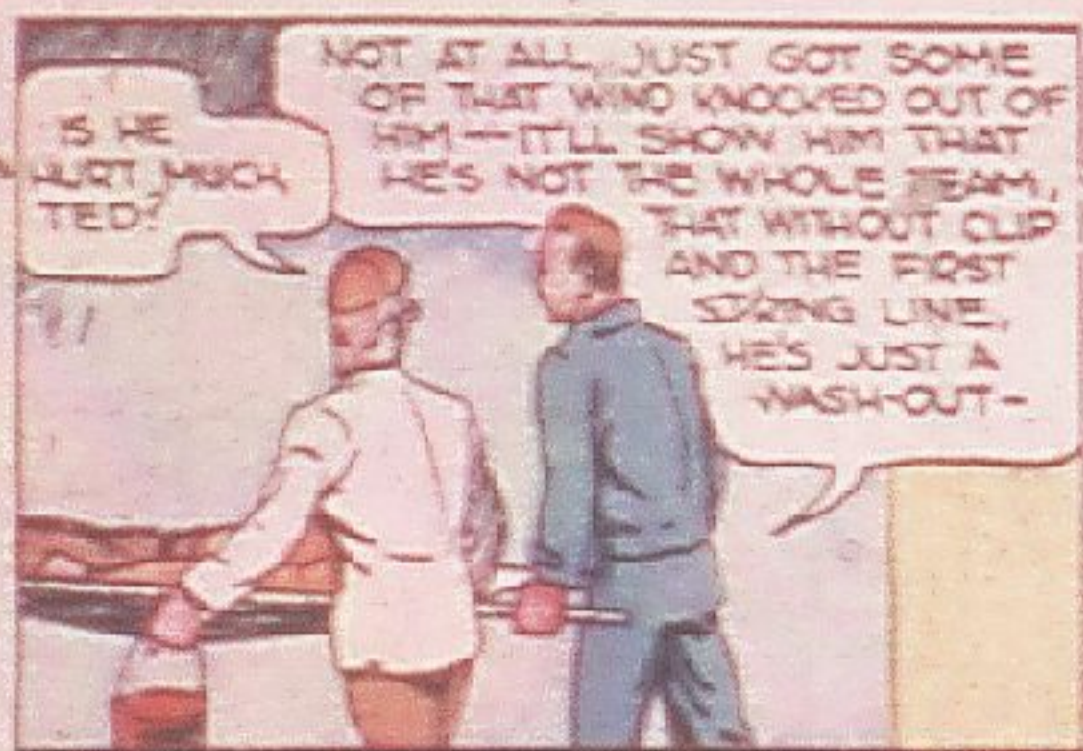
AS THE WHISTLE BLOWS ENDING THE GAME, BERT IS SENT HURLING THROUGH THE AIR----

AGAIN!-- SAY, WHAT IS THIS?

TAG DAY, YOU'RE IT!







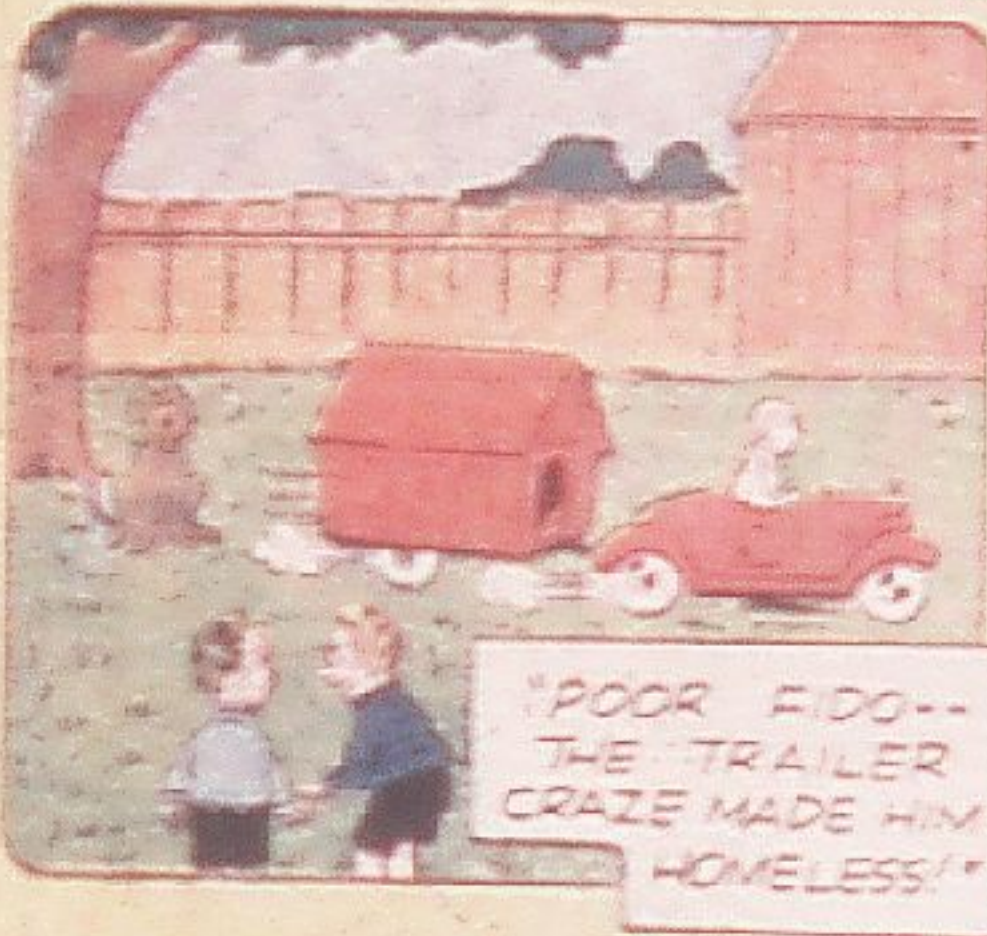


# OFF THE RECORD By ED REED.

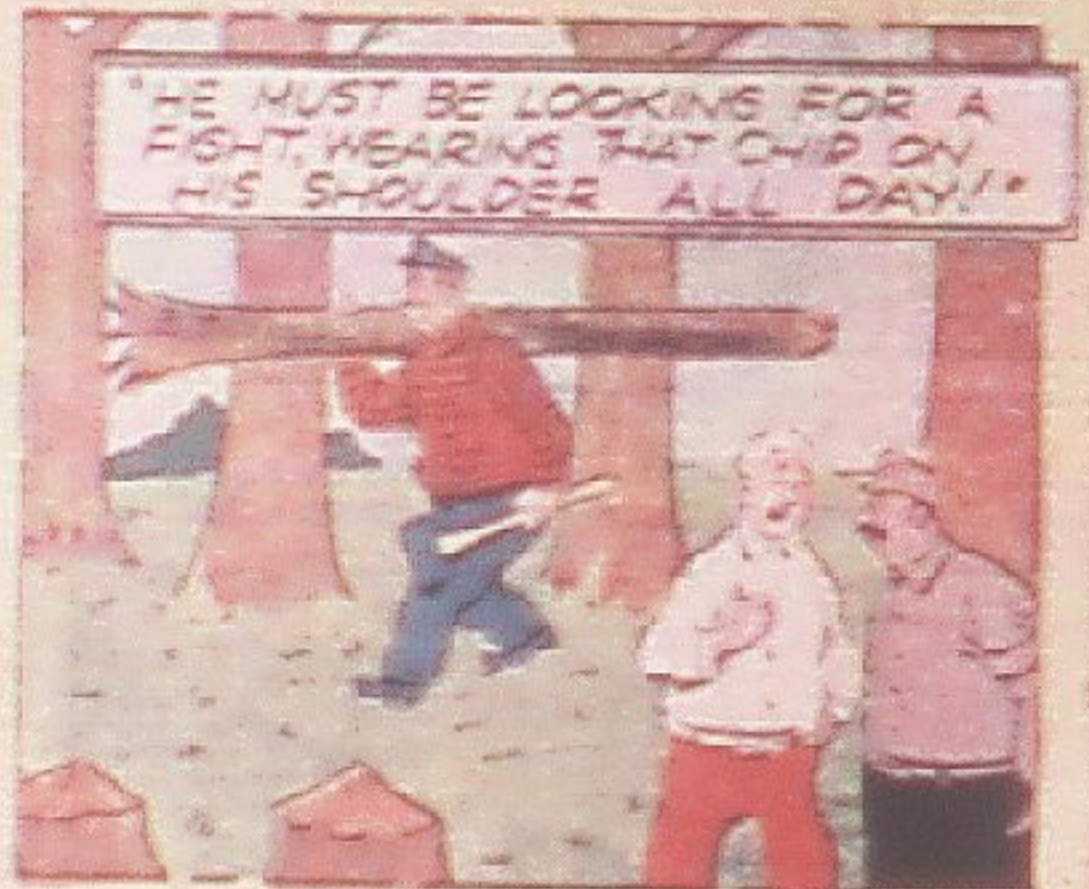


"SMITH, WHAT IS THIS DOING IN HERE?"

"YOUR NAME, PLEASE MADAM? MINE'S HARKINS."



"POOR FIDO-- THE TRAILER CRAZE MADE HIM HOMELESS!"



"HE MUST BE LOOKING FOR A FIGHT, HEARING THAT CHIP ON HIS SHOULDER ALL DAY!"



"MR. SCHULTZ, CAN'T YOU WAIT 'TIL WE FINISH THE BUILDING?"







ESCAPING THE HIRED ASSASSINS OF SIR BORAT, NEVILLE OPENLY ACCUSES THE VILLAINOUS KNIGHT OF HIS TREACHERY. ONLY THE STERN VOICE OF THE DUKE OF BERRENGAR STOPPED THEIR DRAWN SWORDS.





THE TRUMPETS  
SOUND AGAIN.  
MARSHALS CLEAR  
THE FIELD. A  
PRIEST UTTERS  
A PRAYER  
THAT THE RIGHT  
WILL PREVAIL,  
AND THE TWO  
OPPOSING KNIGHTS  
TAKE THEIR  
STATIONS AT  
OPPOSITE ENDS  
OF THE LISTS.



THE DUKE GIVES THE FATEFUL SIGNAL. BREATH-  
LESS, SPELL-BOUND, THE SPECTATORS WATCH AS WITH  
LANCES LEVELLED THE COMBATANTS THUNDER DOWN  
THE FIELD TOWARD EACH OTHER AT FULL GALLOP.



WITH A TERRIFIC IMPACT THE CHARGING KNIGHTS  
COLLIDE IN THE CENTER OF THE FIELD.

BY MY SOUL! BOTH HAVE  
ENDURED THAT SHOCK AS  
THOUGH WELDED TO THE  
HORSES BENEATH THEM!



THEY ARE READY TO  
CHARGE FOR THE  
SECOND BOUT!



AGAIN THE  
CLASH OF  
ARMS RANG  
OUT. SIR BORAT  
SHATTERED HIS  
OPPONENT'S HEL-  
MET, BUT WAS  
YET WITH SO  
FRIGHTFUL A  
BLOW THAT HE  
WAS HURLED  
TO THE  
GROUND.



NEVILLE LEAPED FROM HIS HORSE TO CONTINUE  
THE BATTLE ON FOOT.



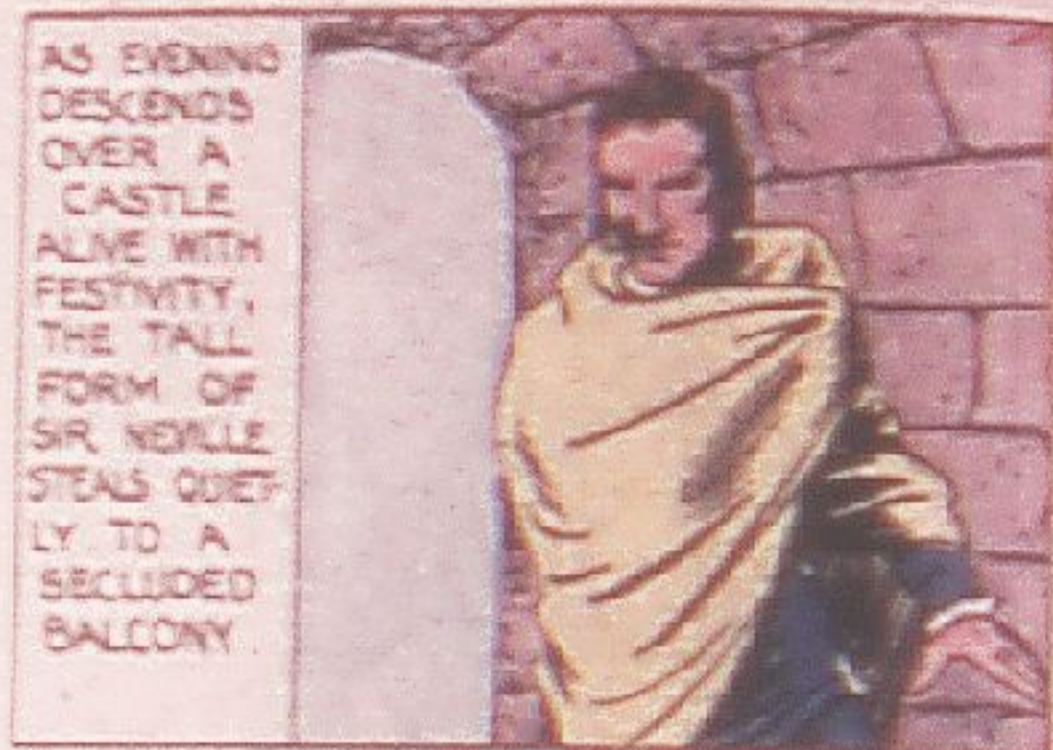
KNAVE, I SHALL  
STAIN THE DUST  
BENEATH MY FEET  
WITH THY BLOOD!



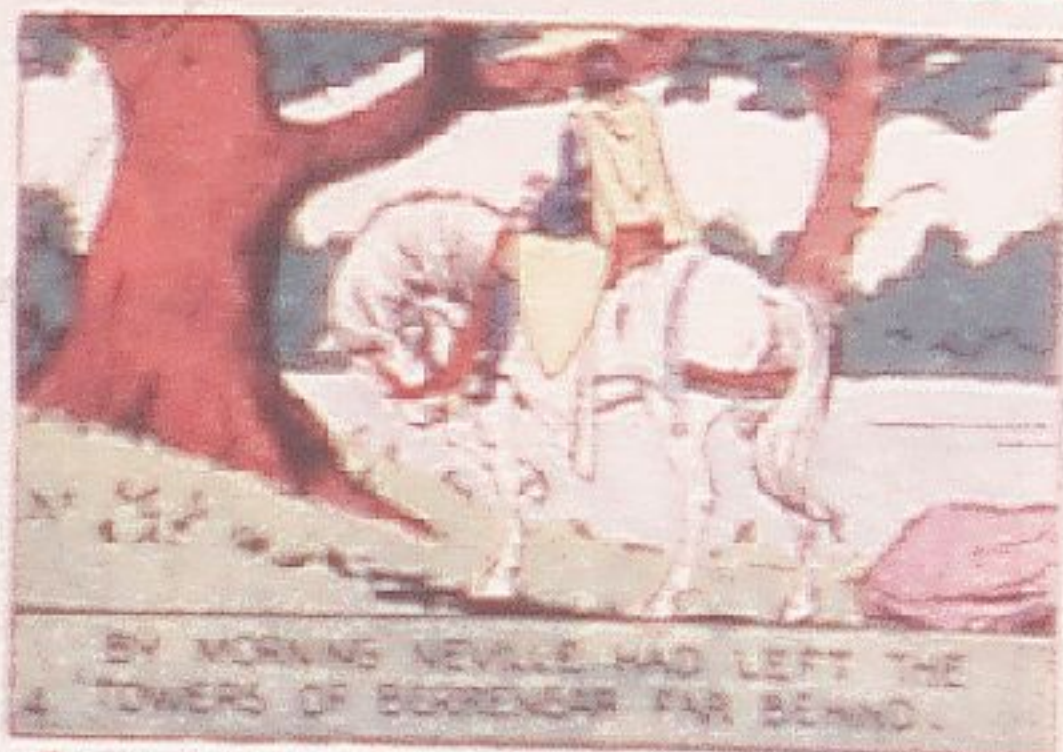




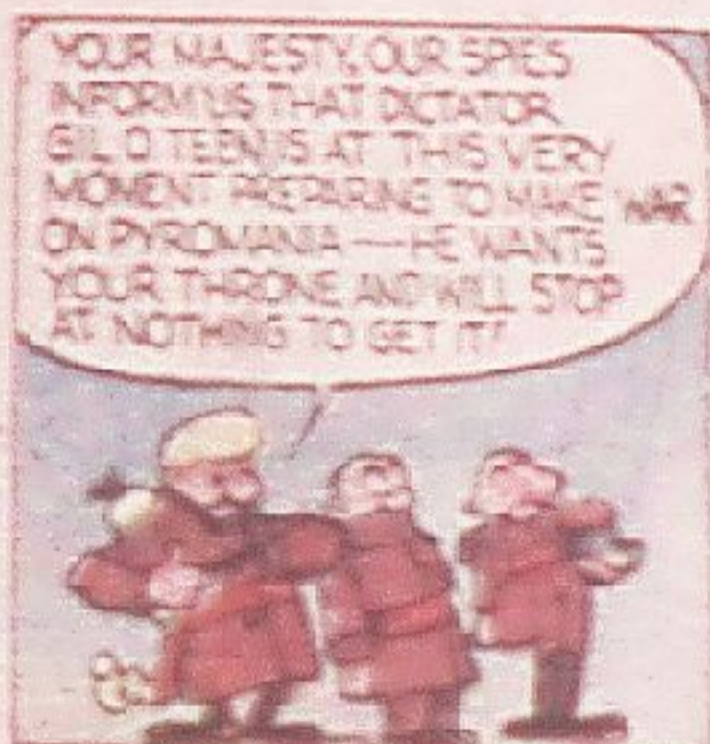




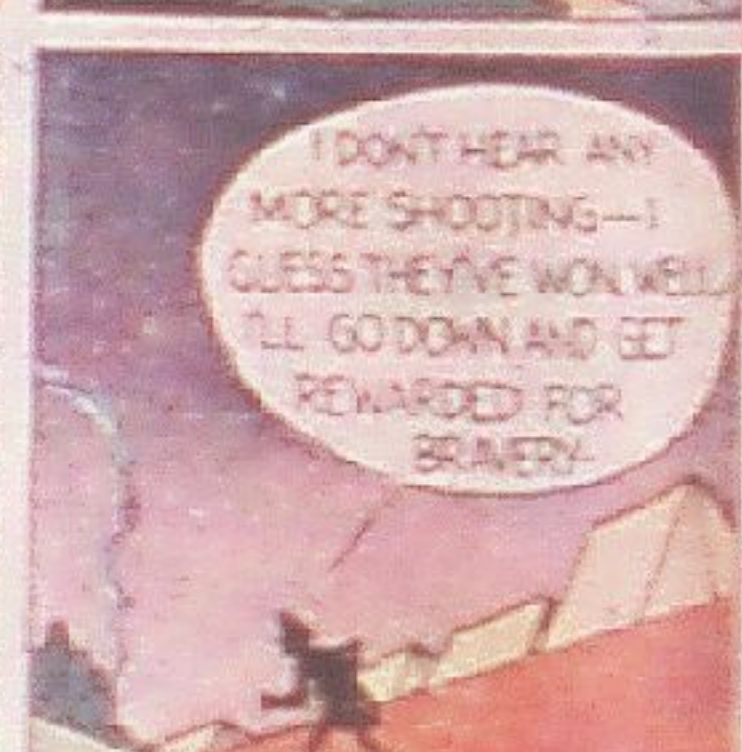
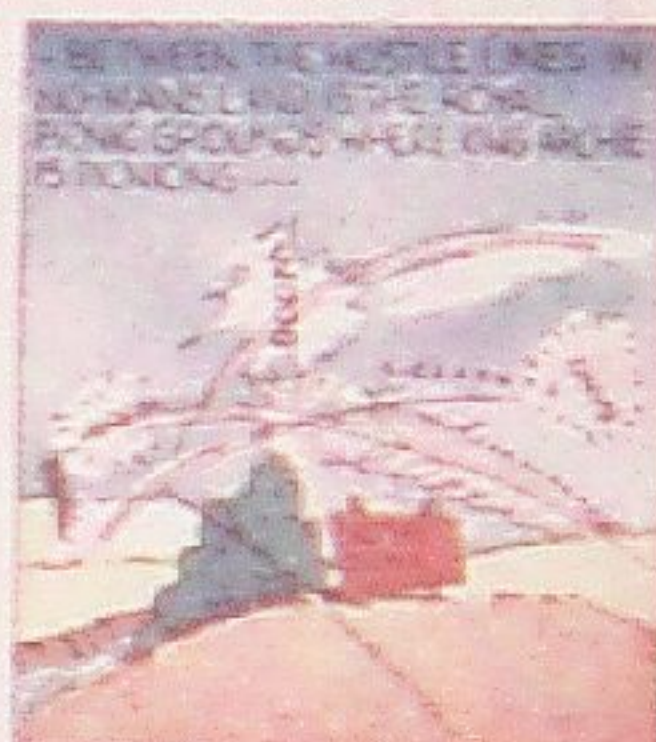
AND BEFORE THE STARTLED MAIDEN RECOVERED  
HE HAD DISAPPEARED INTO THE SHADOWS FROM  
WHICH HE HAD COME











Another adventure of Archie O'Toole is in the December issue—on sale October 28th.





# THE BUNGLE FAMILY

# THE OLD PSYCHOLOGIST

By H. A. TUTTILL



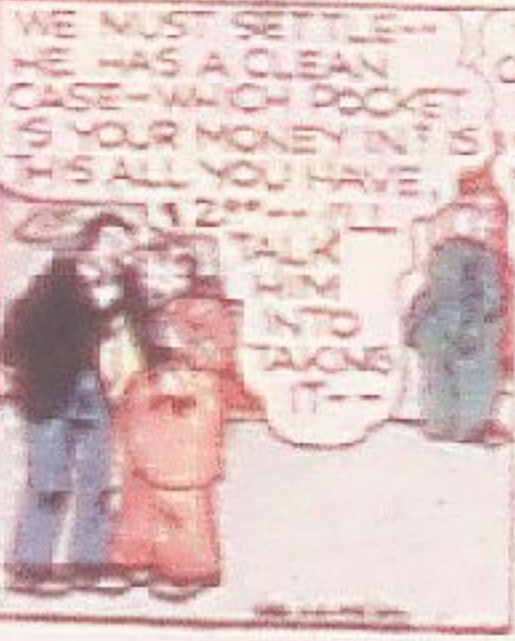
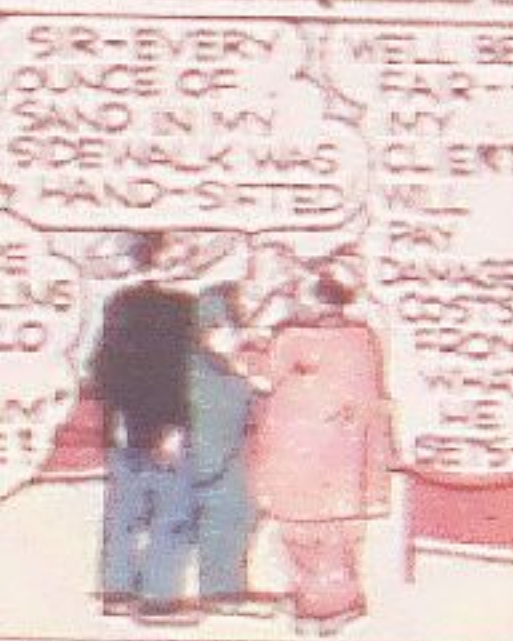
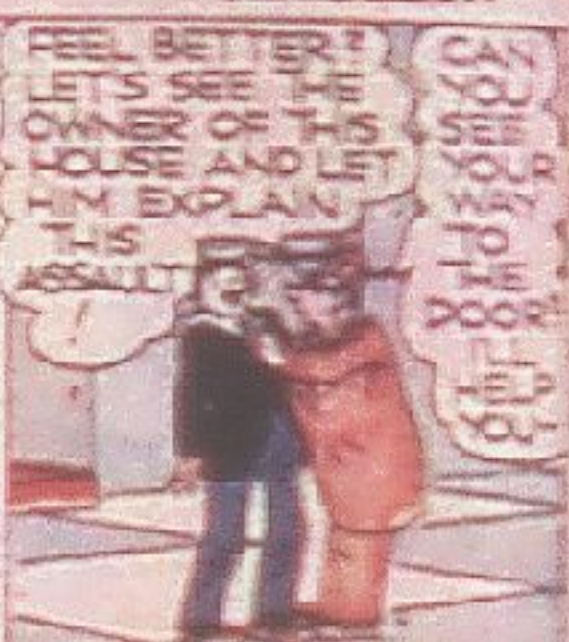
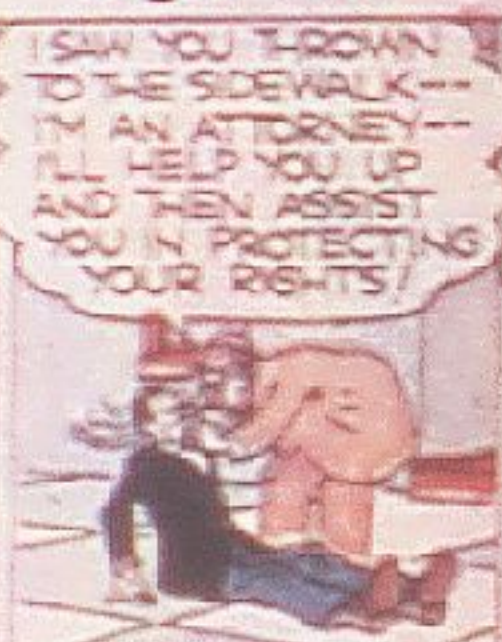




## THE BUNGLE FAMILY

## Legal Aid

By H. J. TUTTILL  
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## THE BUNGLE FAMILY

## ANOTHER NEIGHBORLY PROBLEM

By H. J. TUTHILL



Follow The Bungle Family in the December Issue—on sale October 28th.



# STRANGE AS IT SEEMS

by JOHN HIX



EDWARD II. OF ENGLAND,  
AN INVETERATE GAMBLER,  
BORROWED MONEY FROM HIS  
BARBER TO SETTLE HIS  
"PITCH AND TOSS" DEBTS...



A FORCED LANDING IN A  
SPINACH PATCH WAS MADE BY  
PILOT JAMES BROCCOLI NEAR  
ROOSEVELT FIELD, L.I. -1931-

THE V-SHAPED  
NICHES IN MEN'S COAT  
LAPELS WERE ORIGINALLY  
DESIGNED TO AID IN  
TURNING UP COAT  
COLLARS IN BAD  
WEATHER...



MOTTOES OF THE  
STATES OF THE U.S.  
EMPLOY 7 DIFFERENT  
LANGUAGES...

GREEK  
LATIN  
SPANISH  
ENGLISH  
AMERICAN INDIAN  
ITALIAN  
AND FRENCH  
...

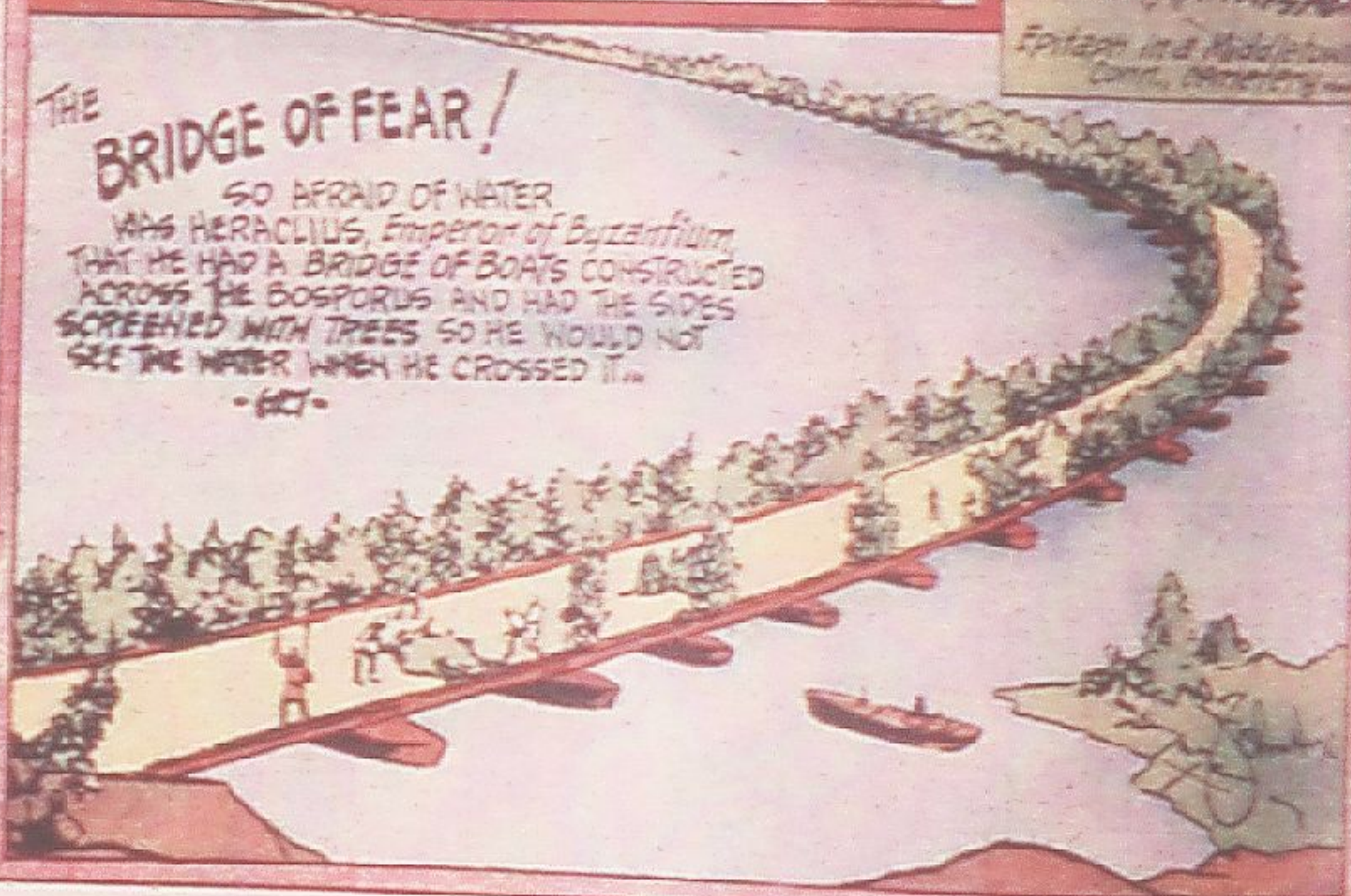
IN MEMORY OF  
MR. NATHAN GOODWIN  
WHO WAS BORN IN BOSTON,  
FEB. 12, 1811, AND  
DEPARTED THIS LIFE  
MARCH 15, 1881, AT THE  
AGE OF 70 YEARS  
OLD.

Epitaph and Middlebury  
Conn. Cemetery

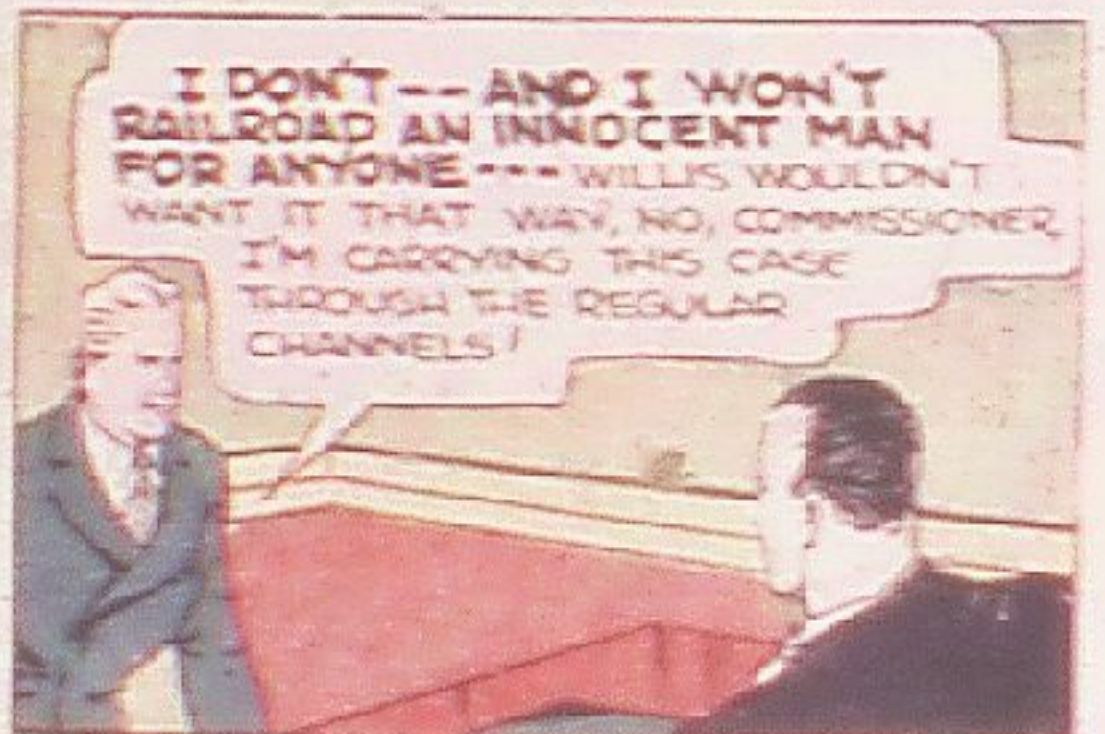
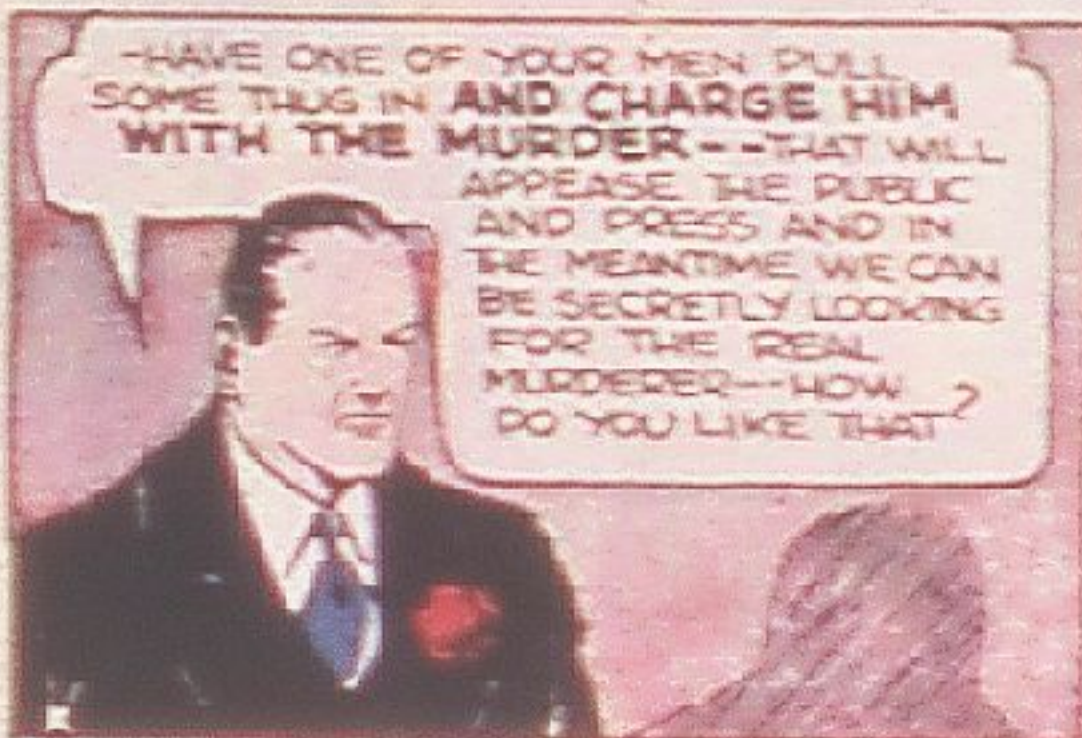
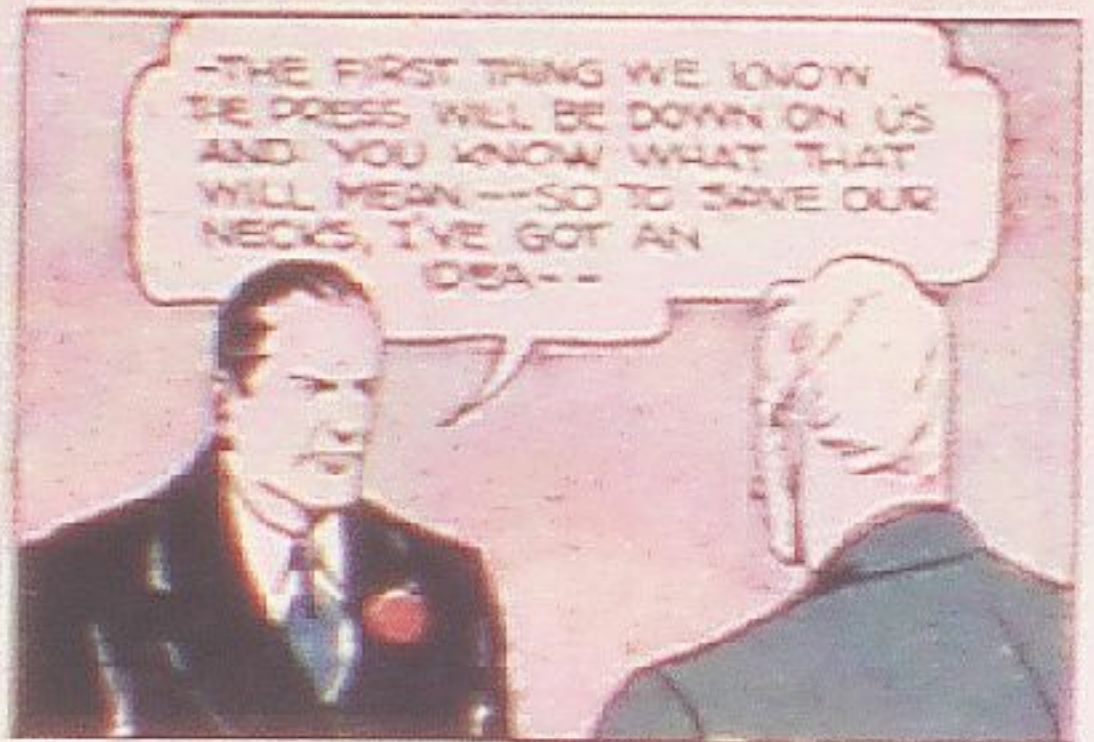
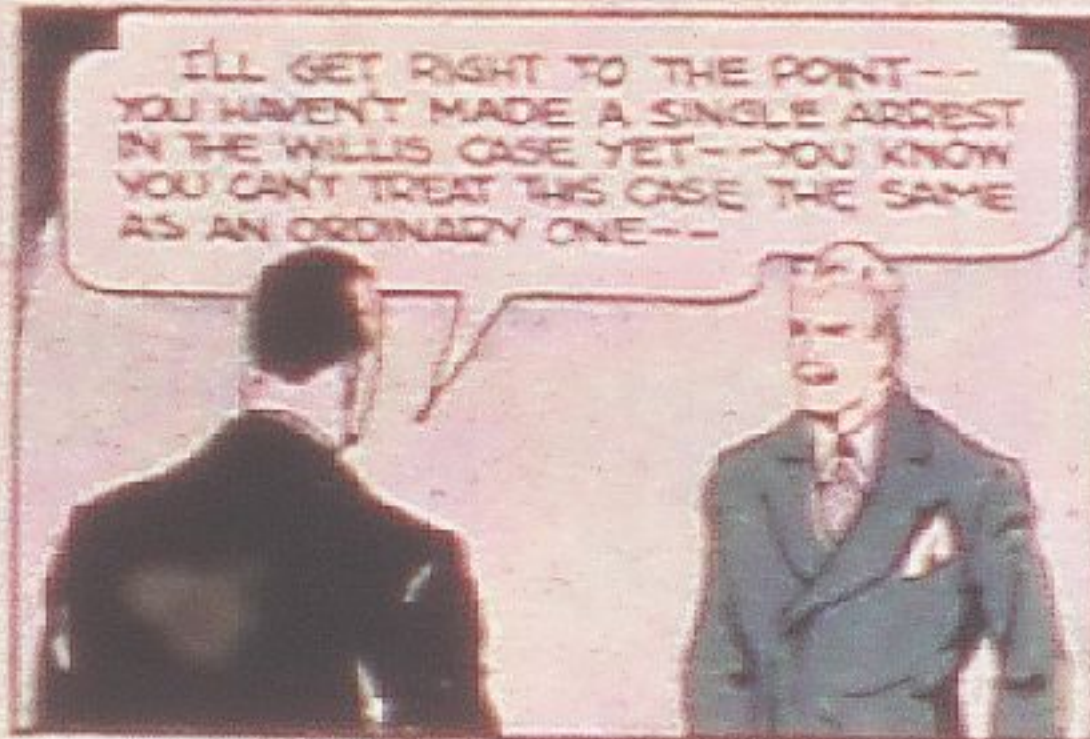
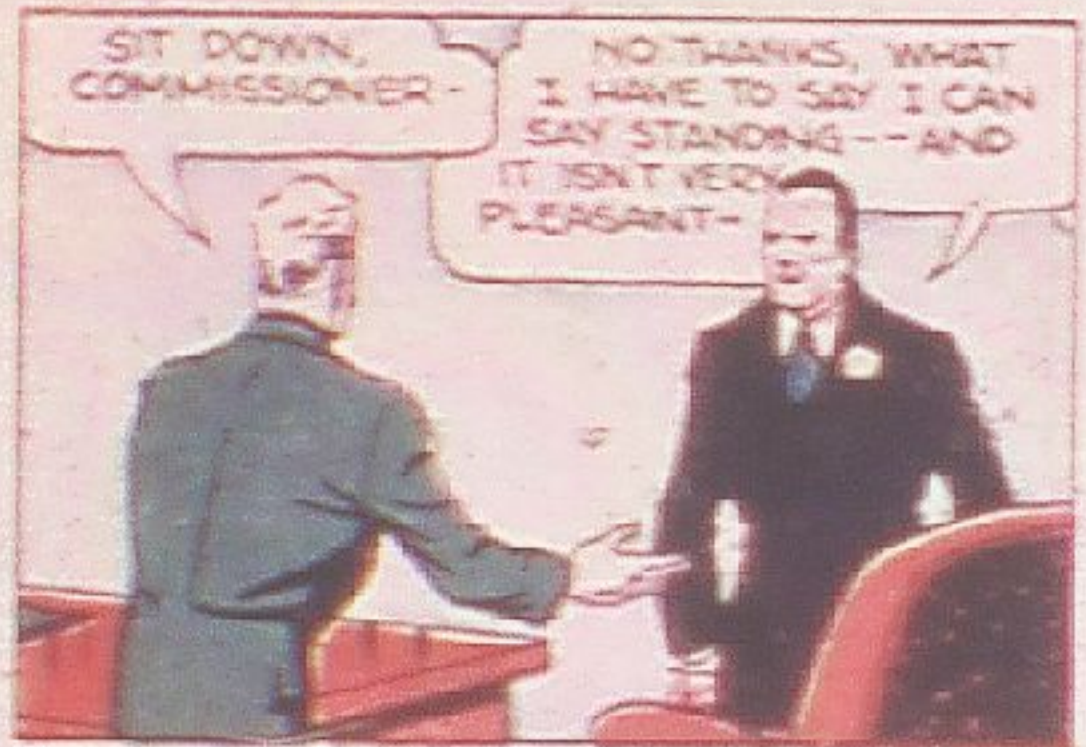
## THE BRIDGE OF FEAR!

SO AFRAID OF WATER  
WAS HERACLIUS, Emperor of Byzantium,  
THAT HE HAD A BRIDGE OF BOATS CONSTRUCTED  
ACROSS THE BOSPORUS AND HAD THE SIDES  
SCREENED WITH TREES SO HE WOULD NOT  
SEE THE WATER WHEN HE CROSSED IT...

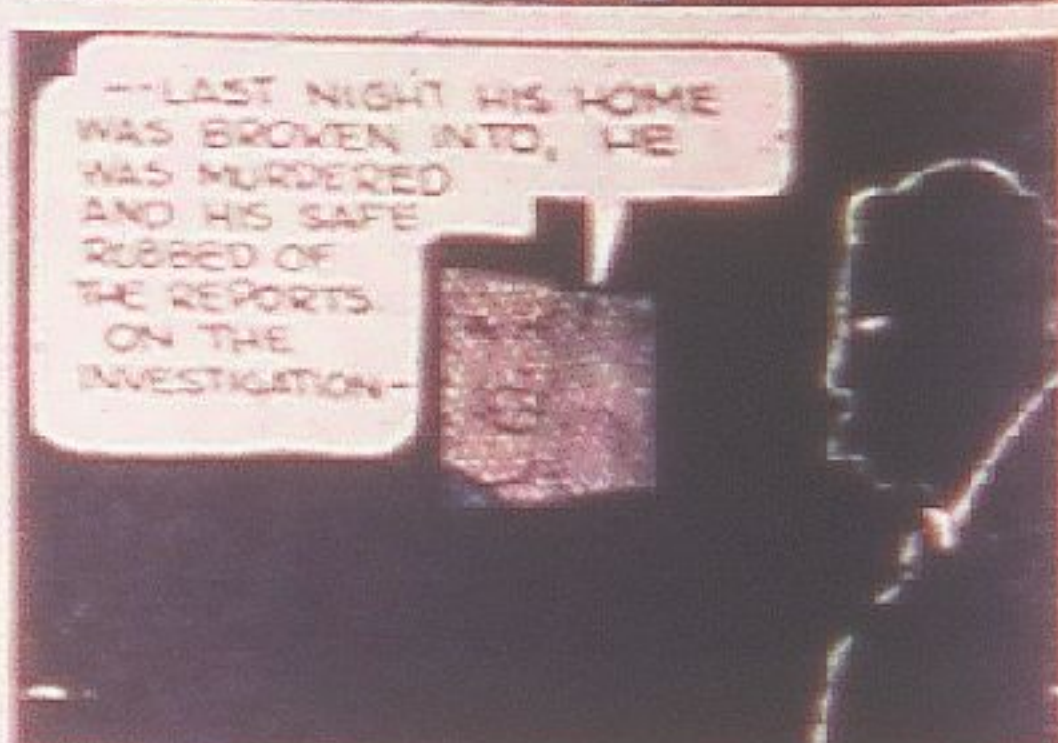
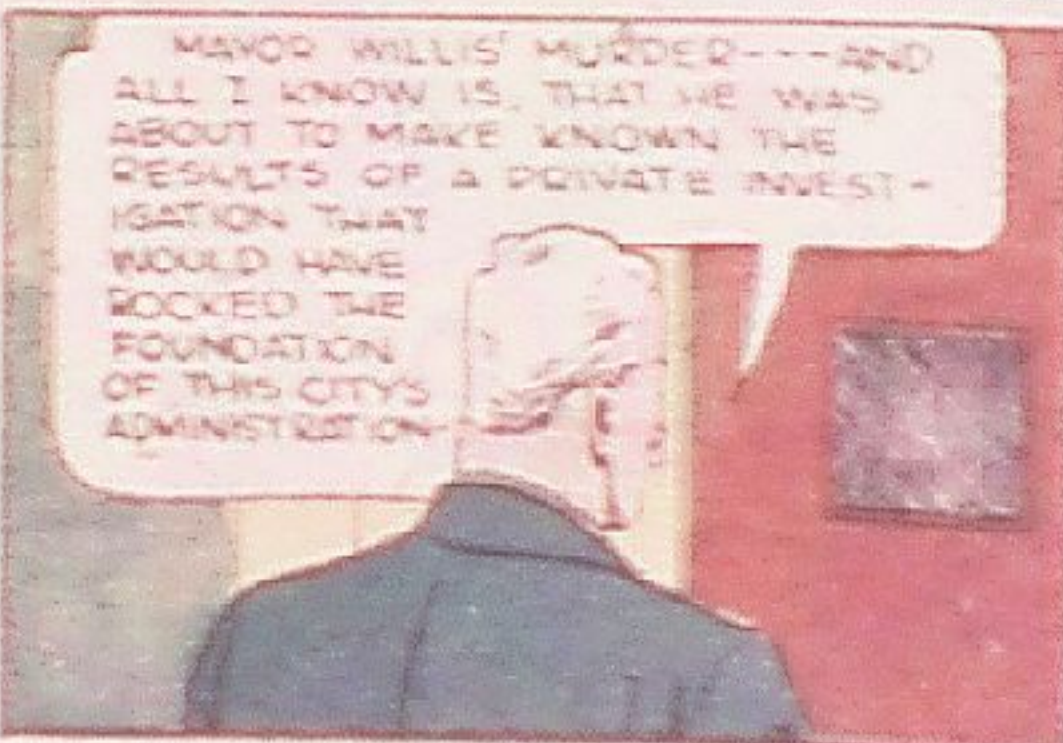
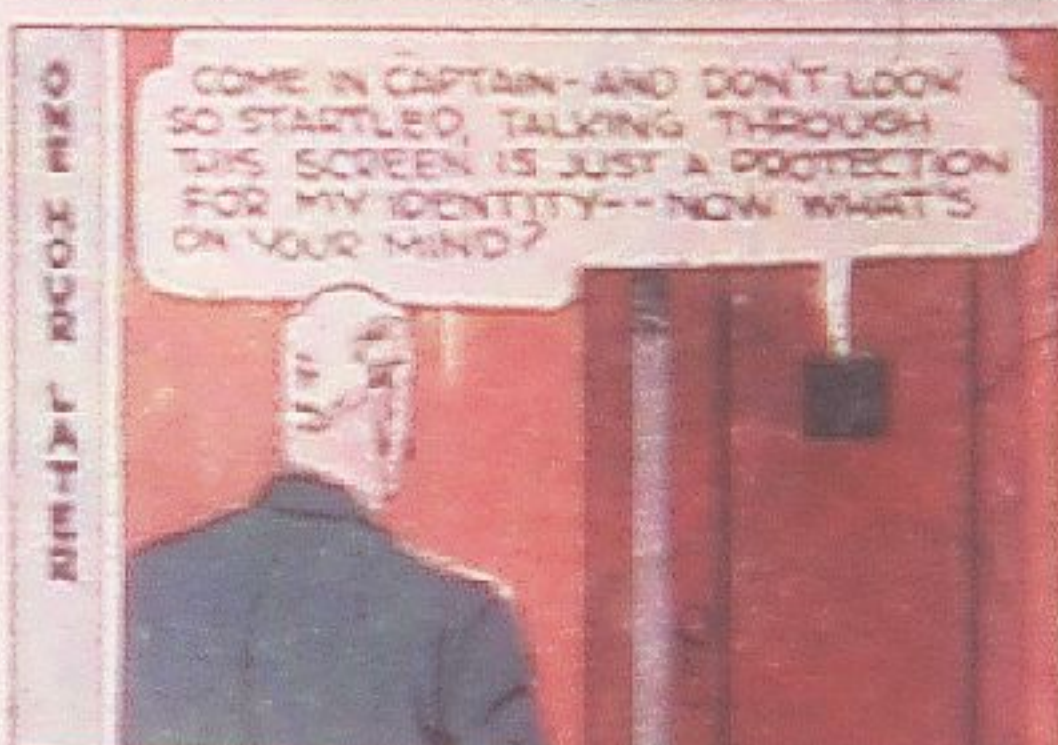
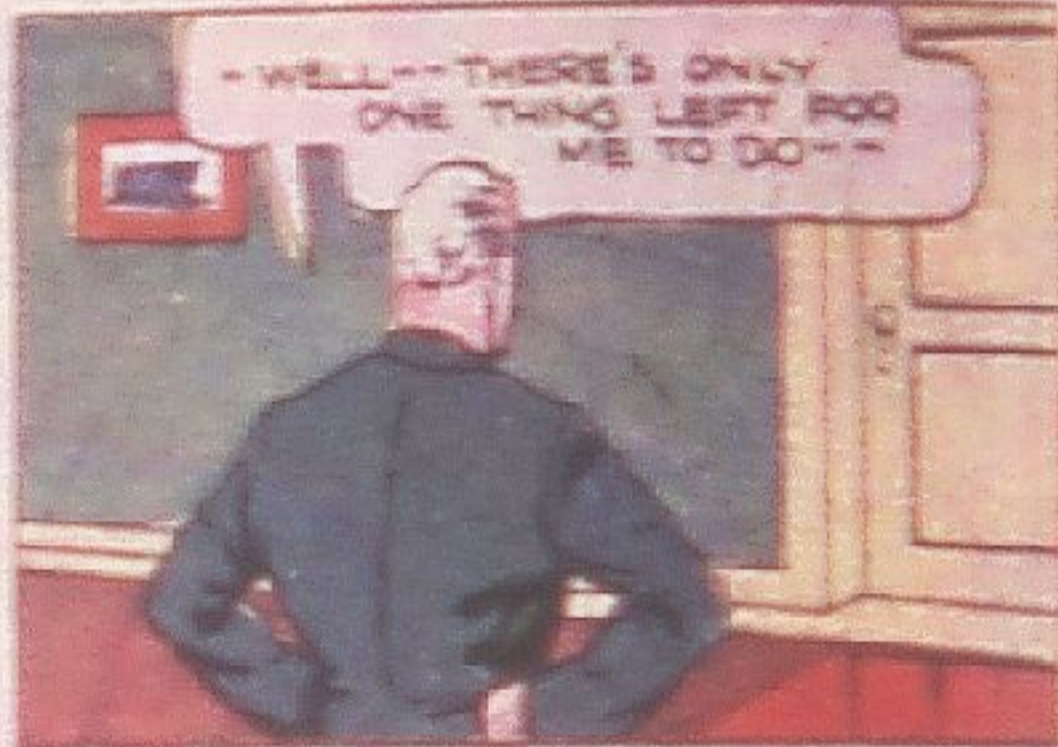
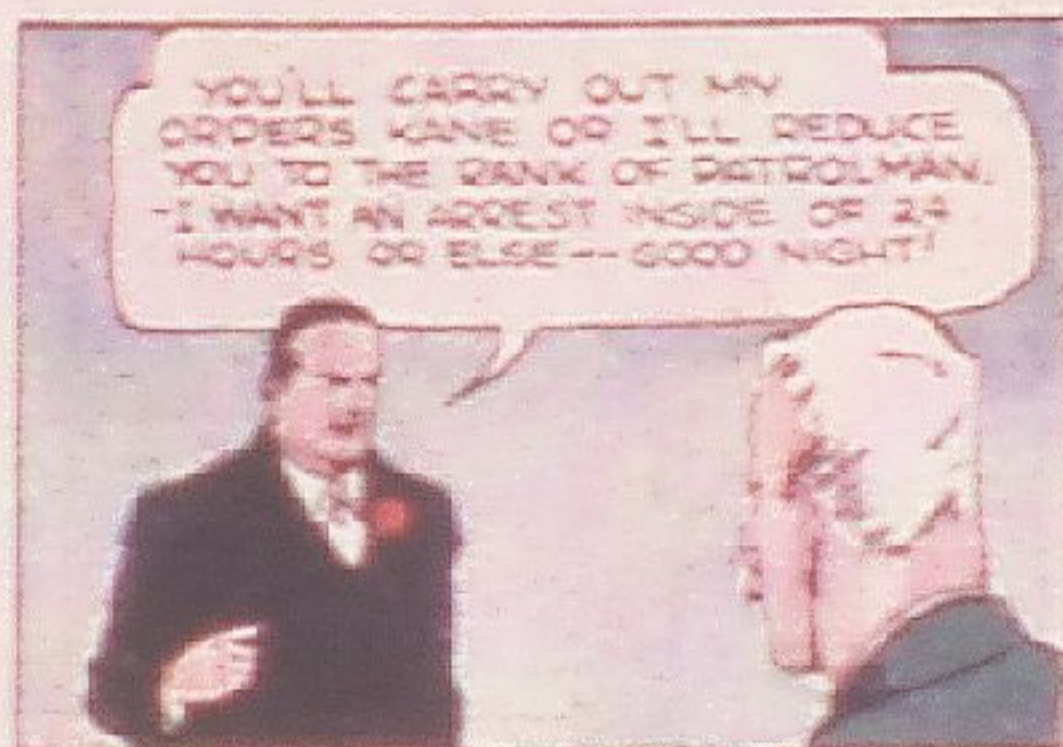
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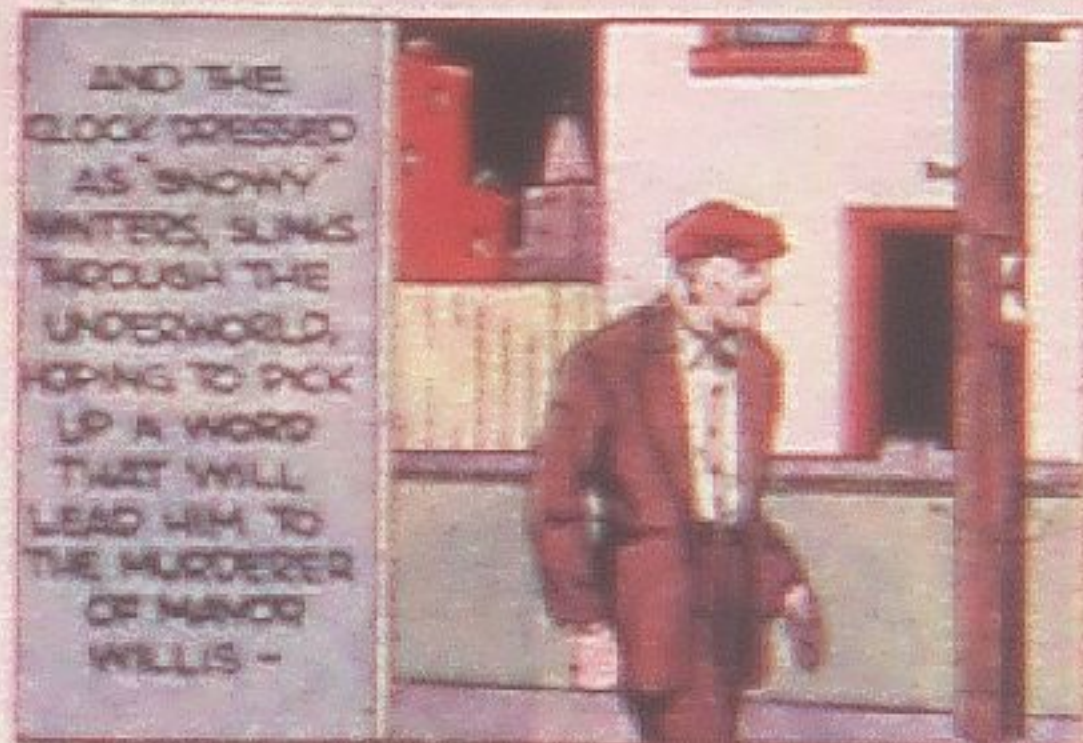
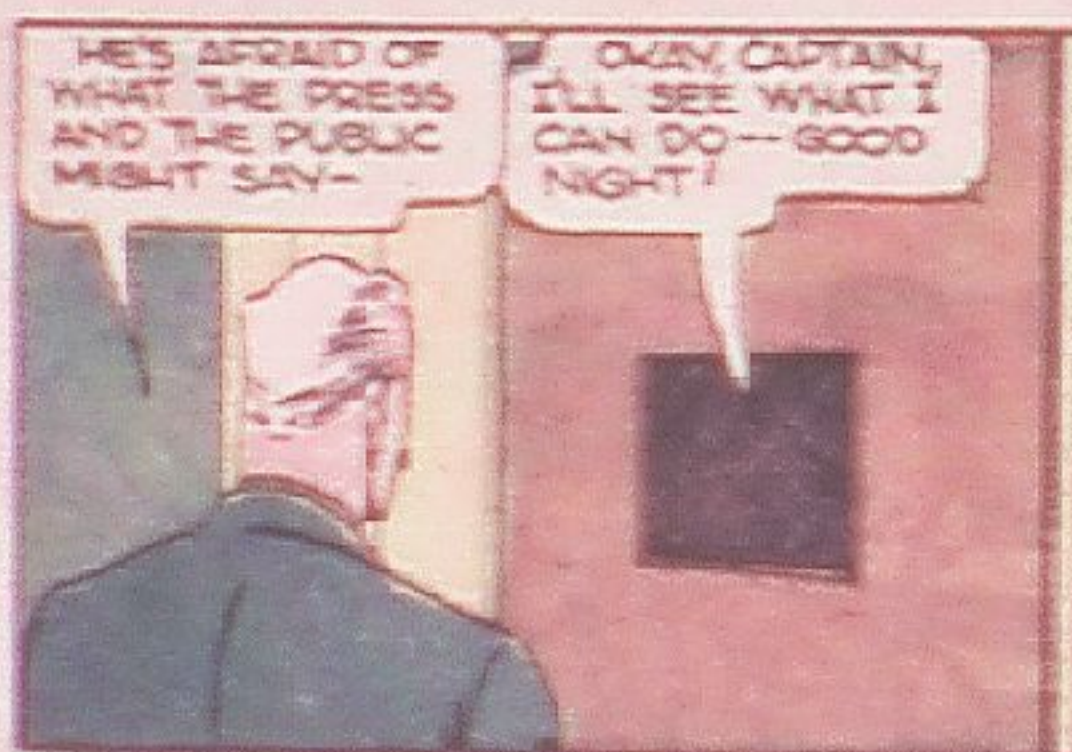














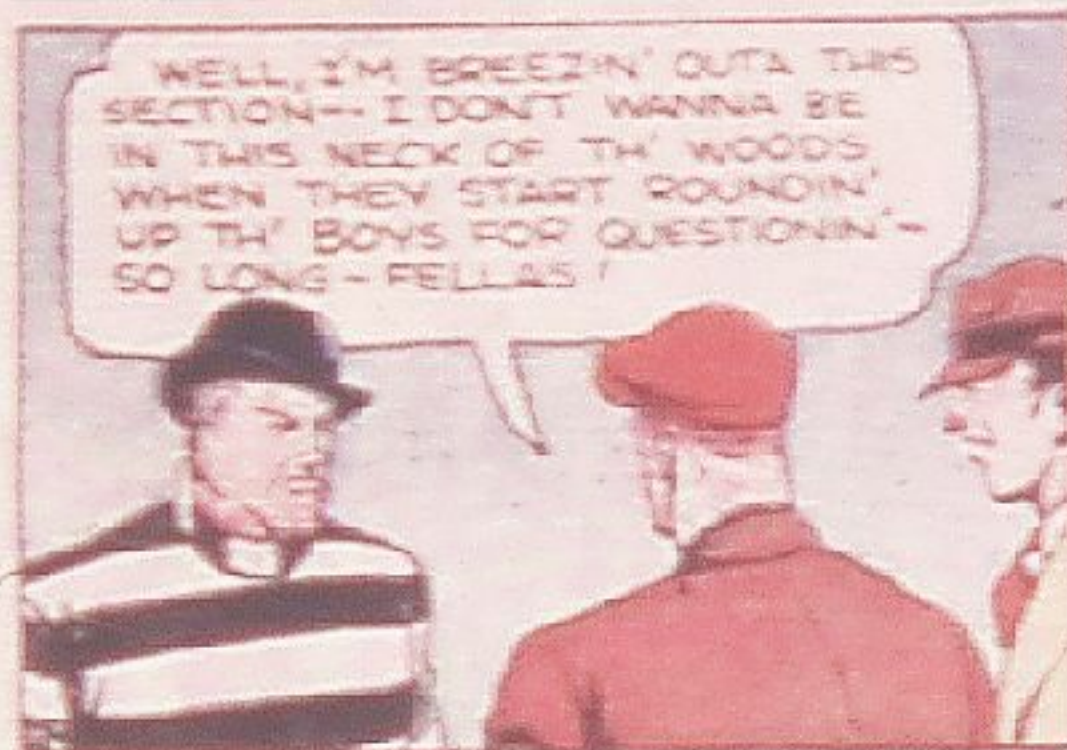


WHY AINT YOU WISE? HE BUMPED OFF WILLIS AN' GOT TEN GRAND, COLD CASH-- BOW, YOU DONT GET THEM JOBS OFTEN--

WILLIS--WHO'D HE DO TH' JOB FOR?



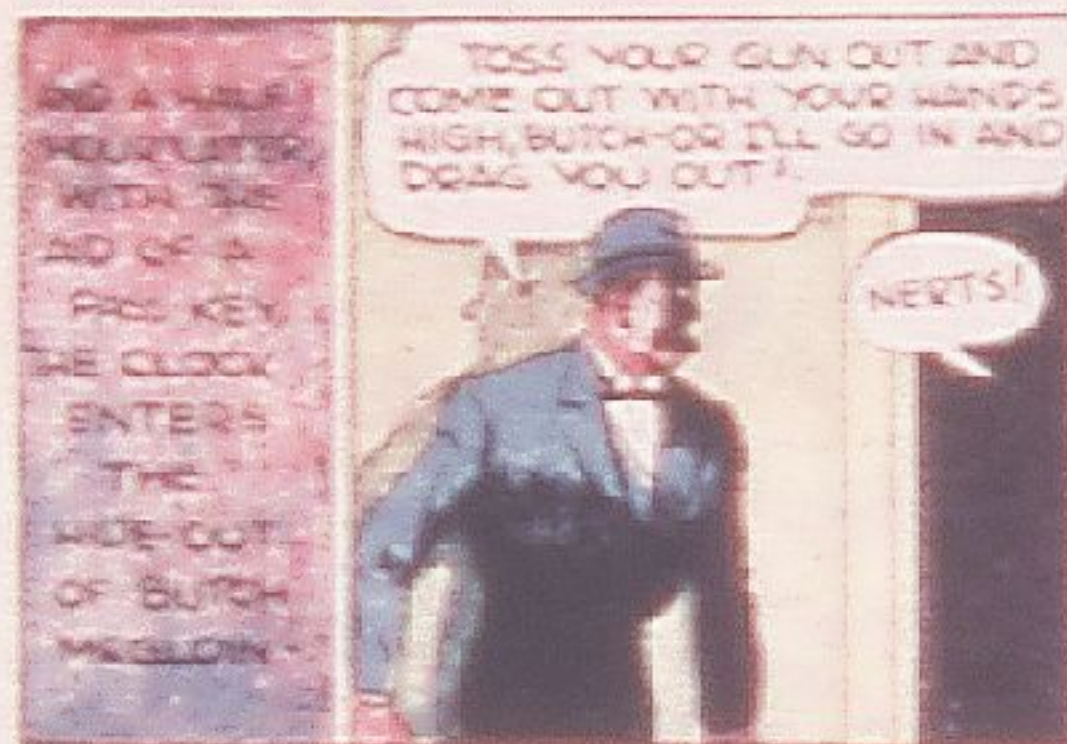
THAT'S SOMETHIN' NOBODY CAN GET OUTA HIM--IF YA ASK ME, THAT'S WHAT I THINK HES SCARED OF--THE GUY HE DID THE JOB FOR--



WELL, I'M BREEZIN' OUTA THIS SECTION-- I DONT WANNA BE IN THIS NECK OF TH' WOODS WHEN THEY START ROUNDIN' UP TH' BOYS FOR QUESTIONIN'-- SO LONG - FELLAS!



--SO-- MCGLOIN MURDERED MAYOR WILLIS-- BUT THE MAIN QUESTION IS WHO WANTED HIM OUT OF THE WAY-- I'LL CHANGE MY CLOTHES AND TRY MCGLOIN A VISIT--



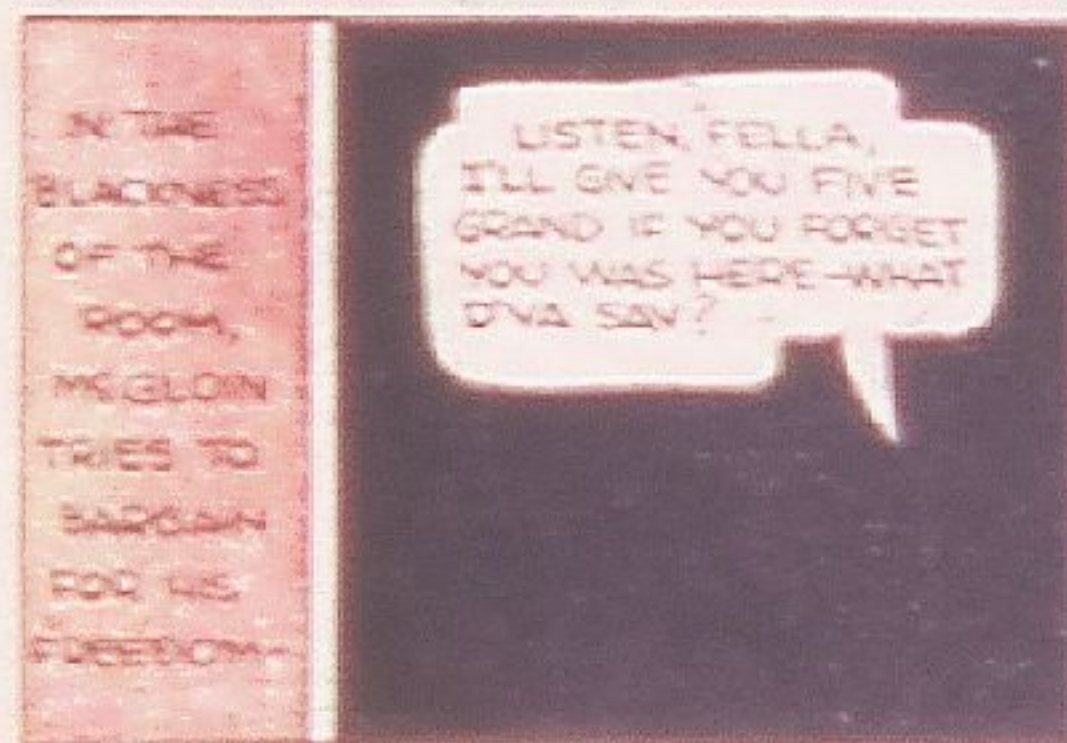
AND A HALF HOUR LATER, WITH THE AD OF A POOL KEY, HE CLOCK ENTERS THE HIDE-OUT OF BUTCH MCGLOIN--

TOSS YOUR GUN OUT AND COME OUT WITH YOUR HANDS HIGH, BUTCH--OR I'LL GO IN AND DRAG YOU OUT!

NERTS!

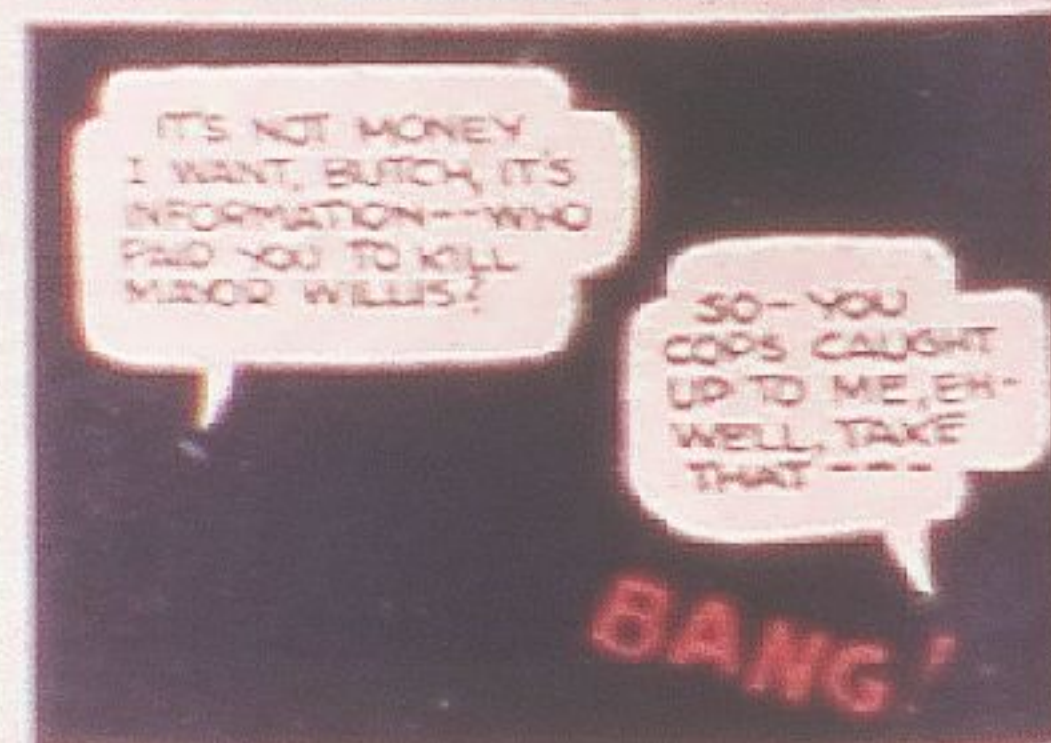


OKAY! -- YOU ASKED FOR IT -- HERE I COME --



IN THE BLACKNESS OF THE ROOM, MCGLOIN TRIES TO BARGAIN FOR HIS FREEDOM--

LISTEN, FELLA, I'LL GIVE YOU FIVE GRAND IF YOU FORGET YOU WAS HERE--WHAT D'YA SAY?

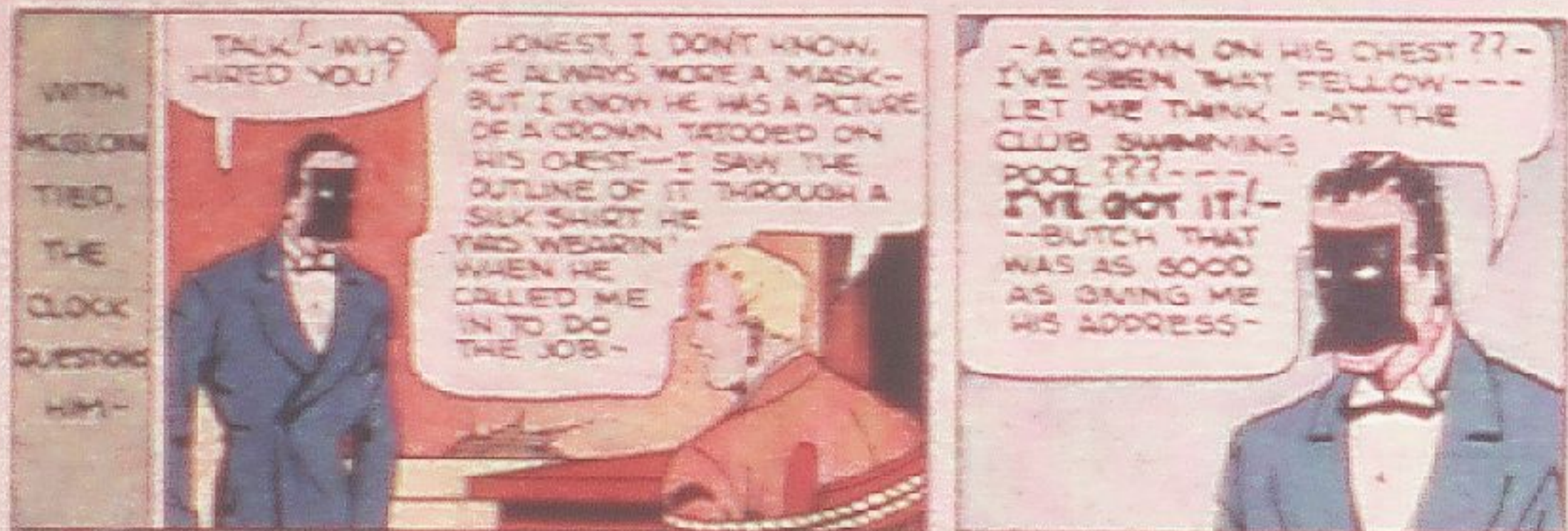


IT'S NOT MONEY I WANT, BUTCH, IT'S INFORMATION--WHO PAID YOU TO KILL MAYOR WILLIS?

SO-- YOU COPS CAUGHT UP TO ME, EH-- WELL, TAKE THAT --

BANG!



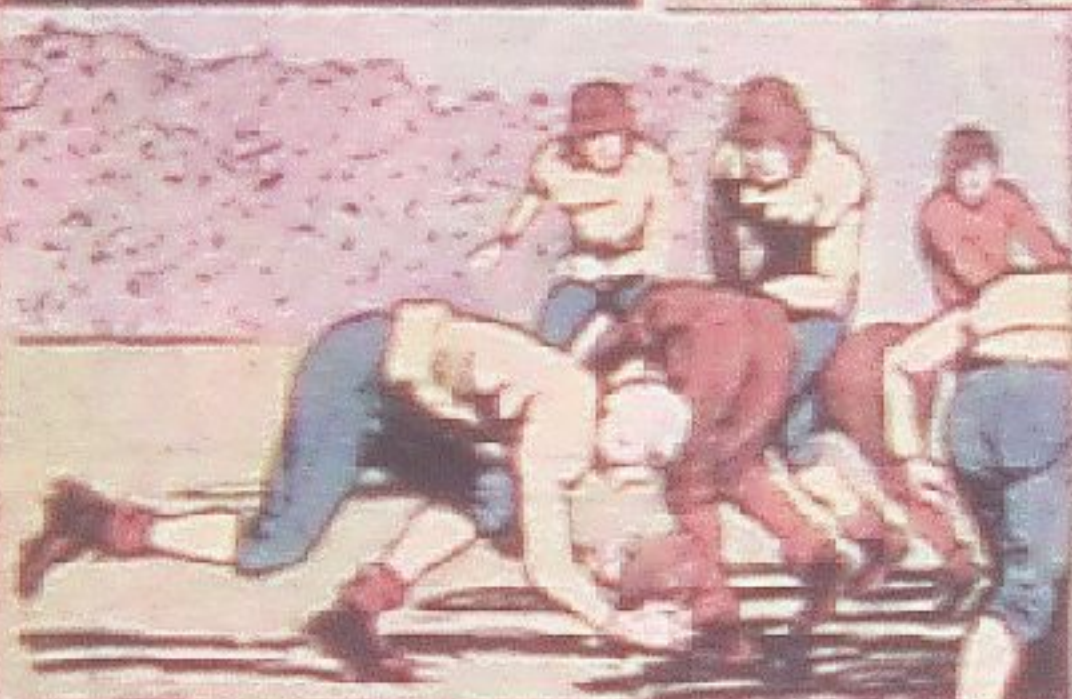
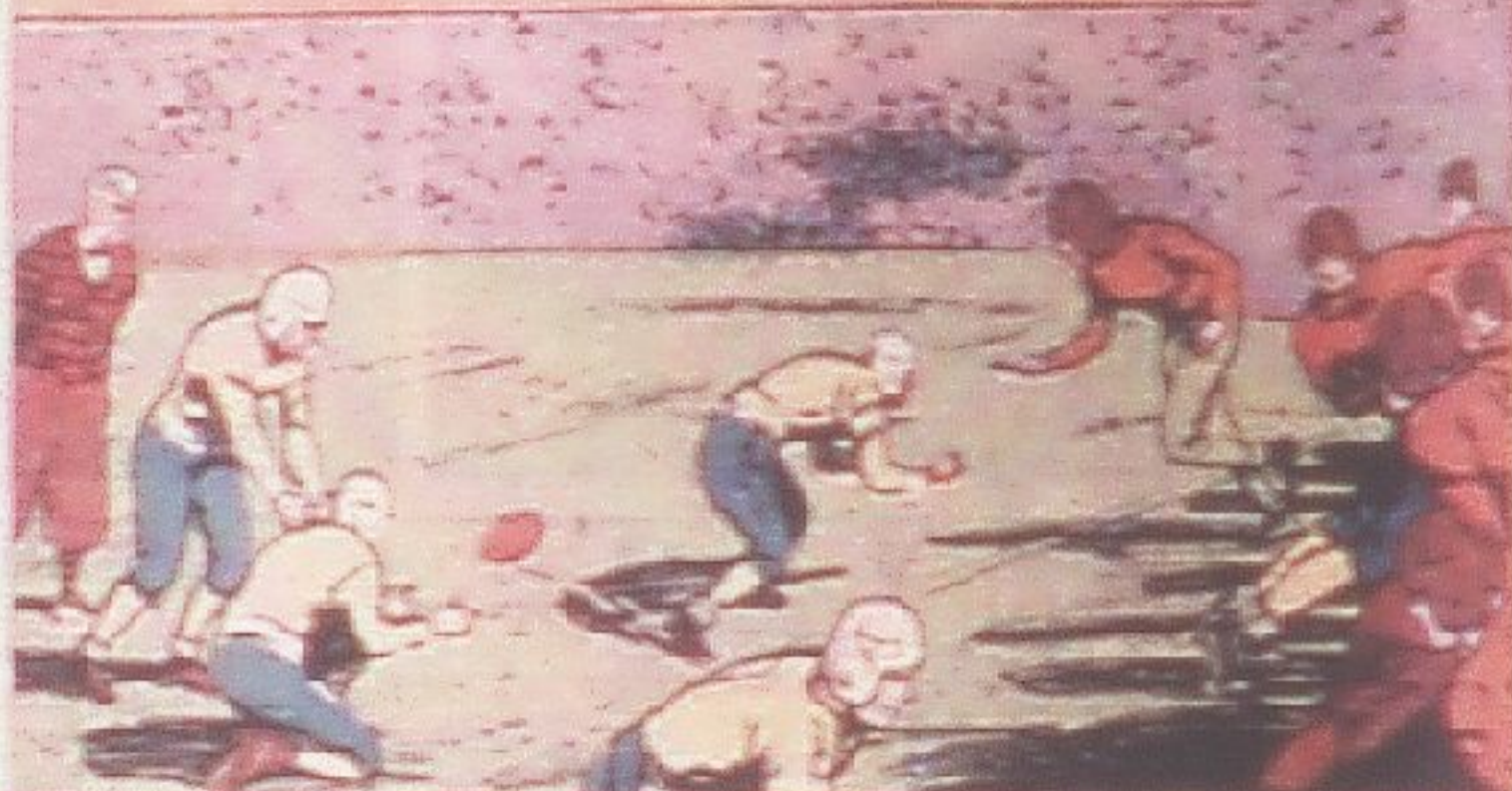




# THEY'RE STILL TALKING

About  
The Play  
That Left  
The Army  
Blinking

Barry Wood, dazzling Harvard quarterback who has run the army ragged all afternoon, waits coolly as the ball comes to him from center. The big lines crash together. This point after touchdown is tremendously important....



Hold, line!—The pass is bad... Wood fumbles it, and now the Army forwards are swooping down on him... Escape seems impossible... But the alert Crimson general fates a desperate chance....



Scooping up the loose ball, by a superhuman effort Wood dives right into—and through—the right flank of the charging cadets, tearing free from tackles after tackle....



And, with the Army secondary lunging and missing as he comes barreling through their surprised team mates, Wood literally flies around left end and across the goal line for the 1 point Harvard so badly needed.

This is the chap, Barry Wood, whose fast thinking, quick action and courage gave Harvard a 14 to 13 win over the Army that Saturday afternoon, Oct. 17, 1931, at West Point. Barry Wood, one of Harvard's greats....

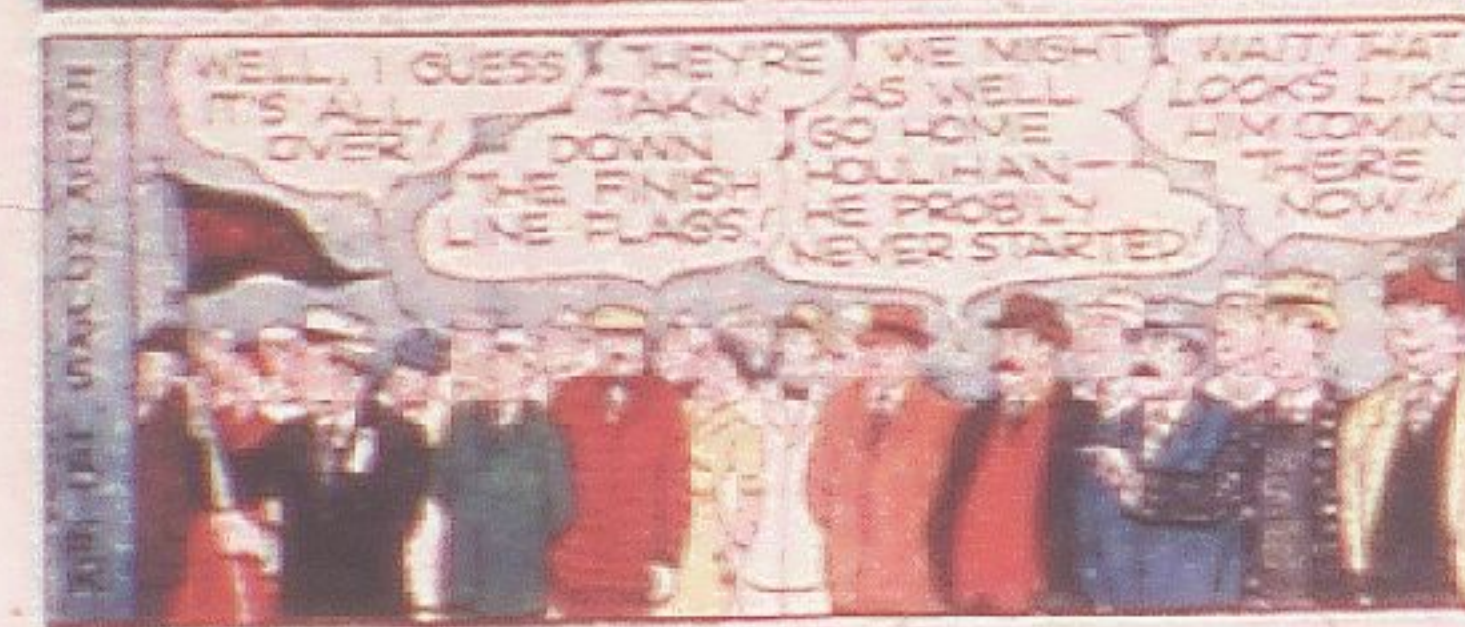
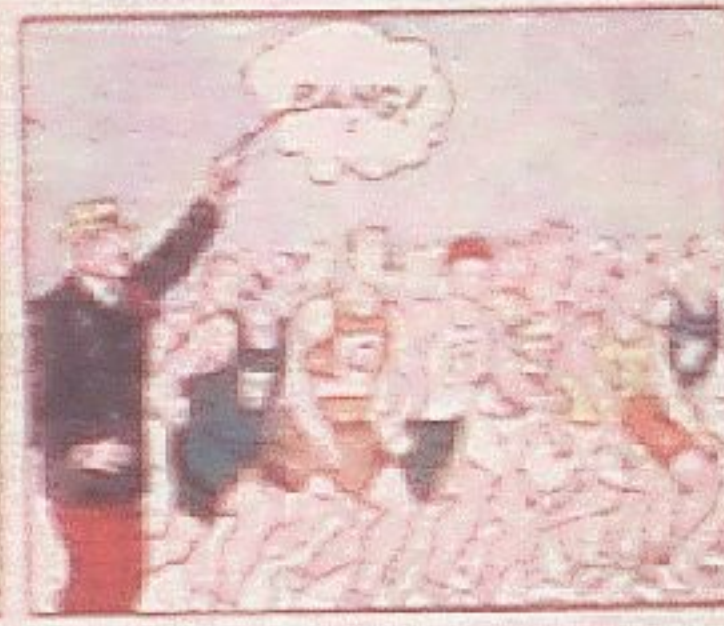
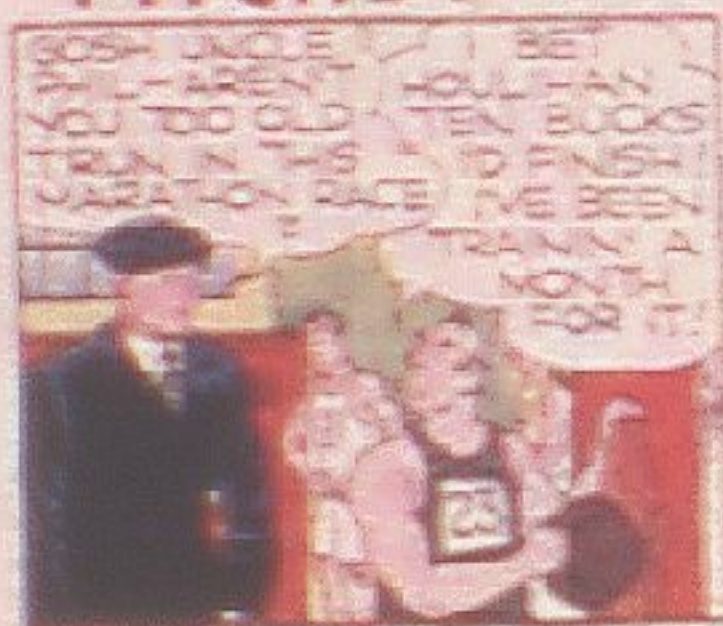






# MICKEY FINN

By LANK LEONARD

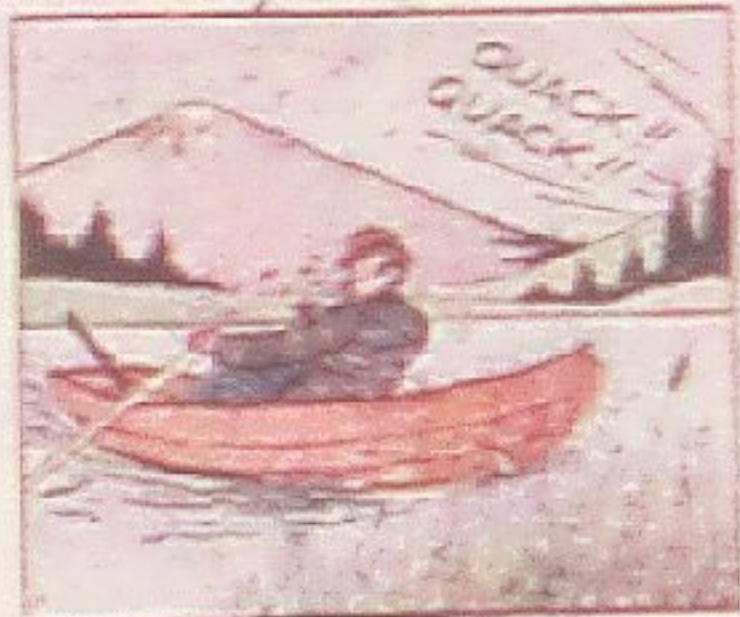
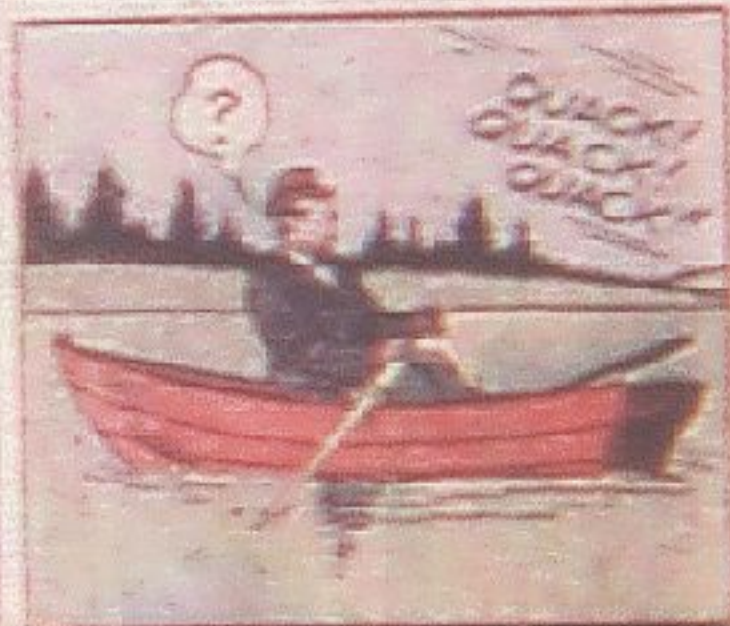
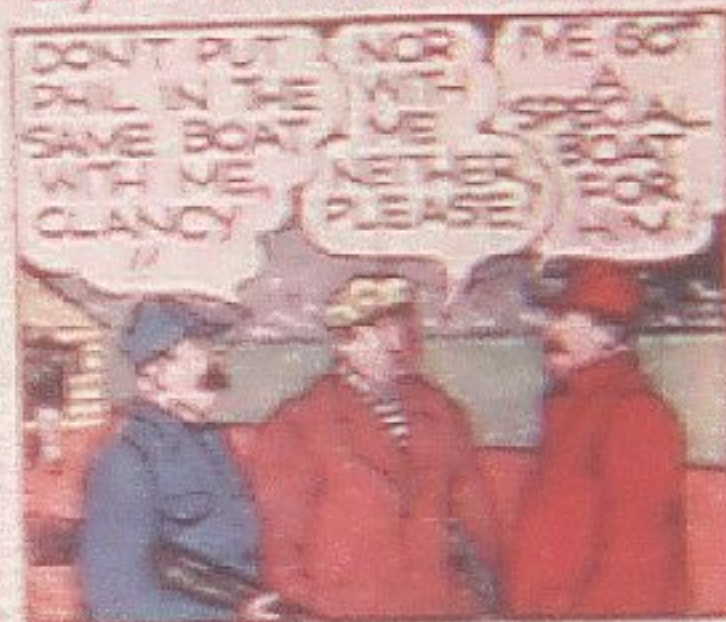




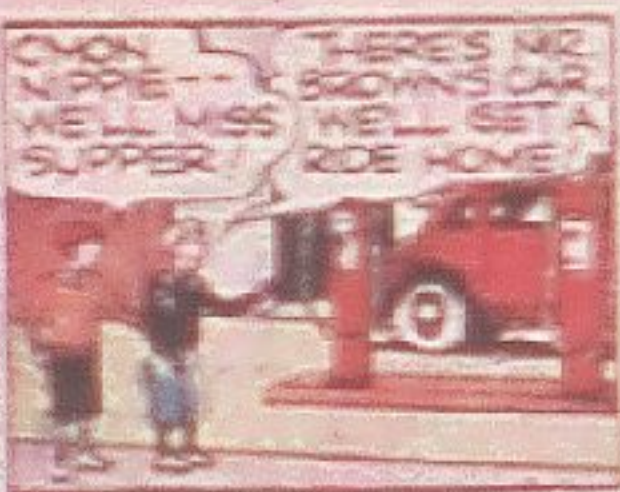


# MICKEY FINN

By LANK LEONARD



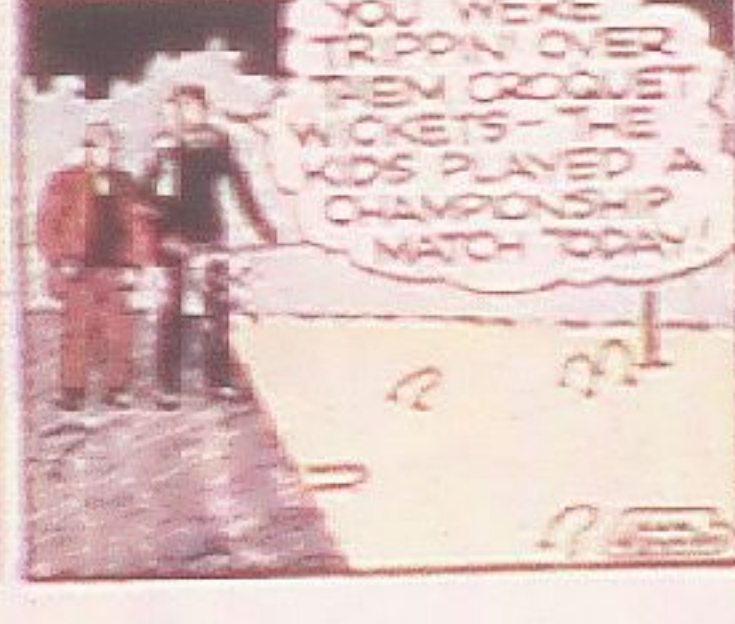
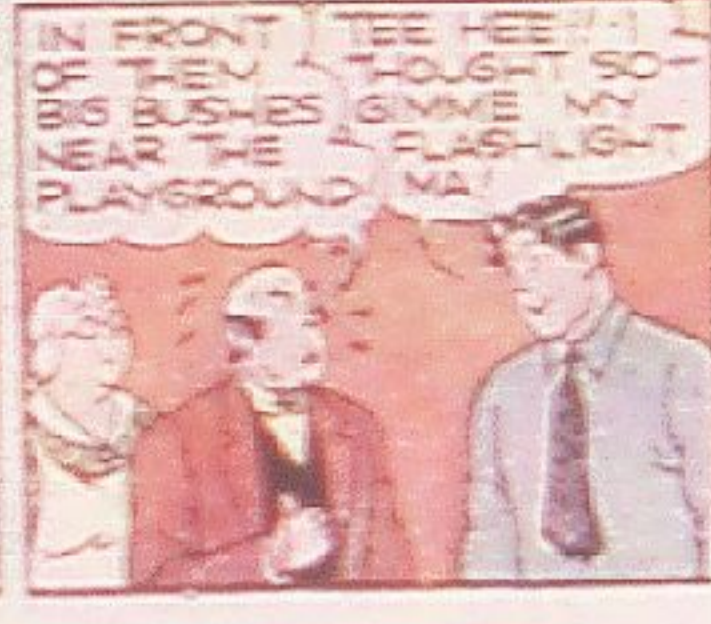
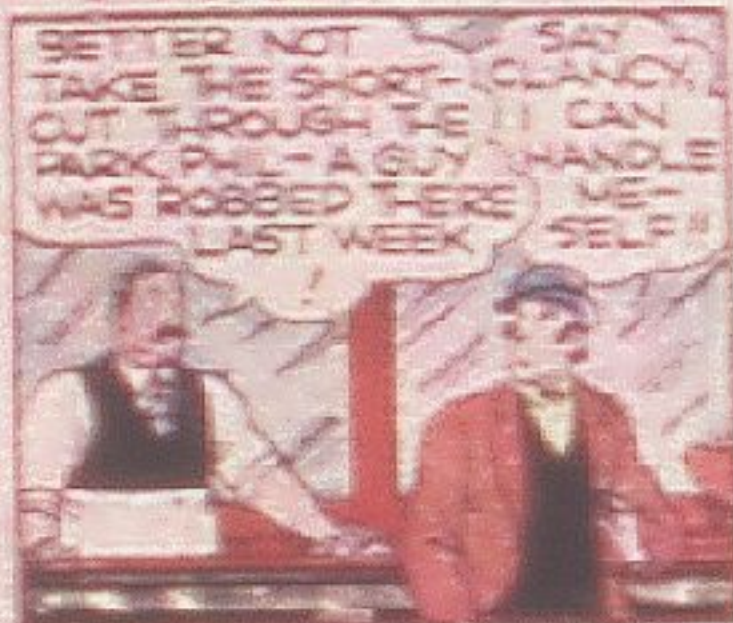




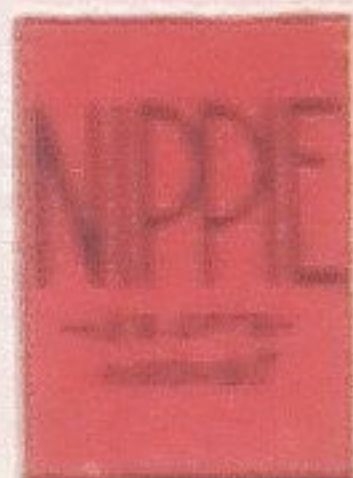
# MICKEY FINN

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By LANK LEONARD







# MICKEY FINN

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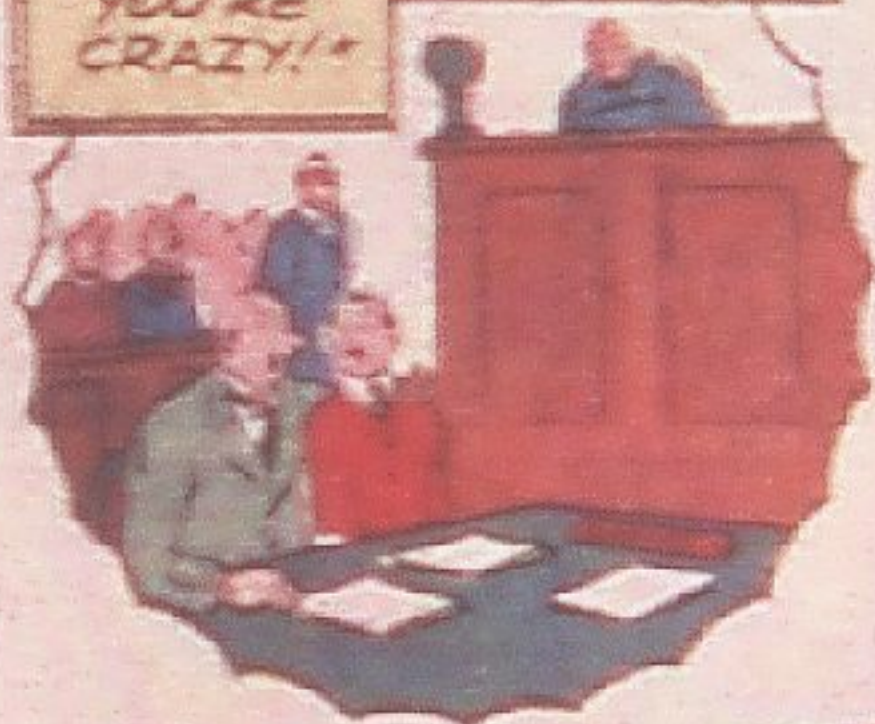


Follow Mickey Finn and Uncle Phil in the December issue—on sale October 28th.



# OFF THE RECORD By ED REED.

"DON'T WORRY, HE'LL WIN--  
I'M GOING TO PROVE  
YOU'RE  
CRAZY!"

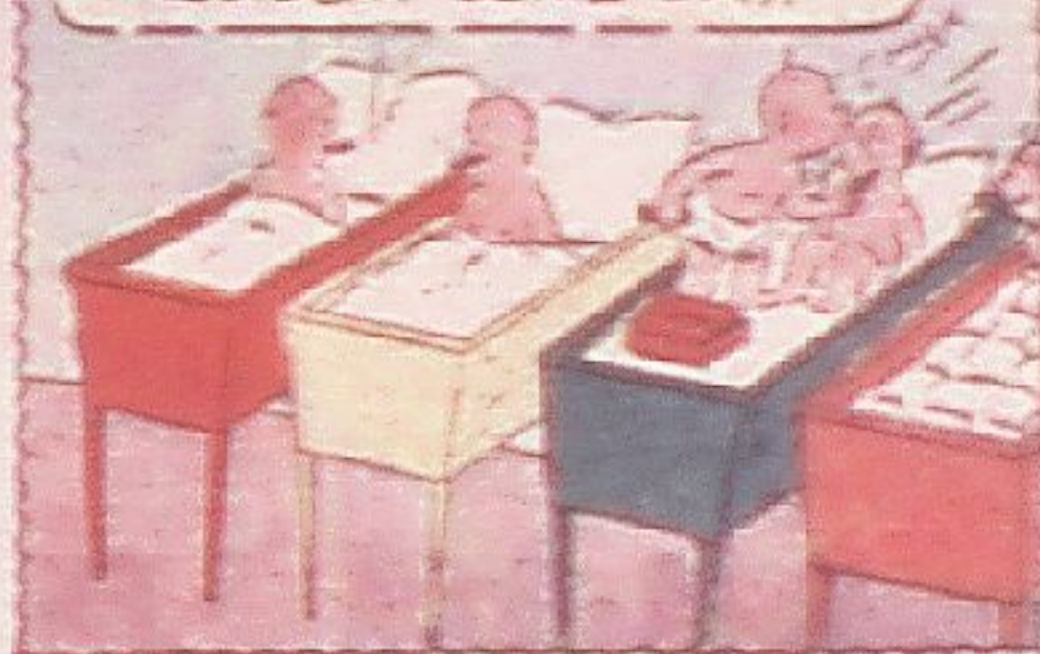


"THERE MUST BE  
SOMETHING  
INTERESTING  
ABOUT YOU, THEY'RE  
FORMING A LINE!"

"HOW DID HE  
GET IN HERE?"



"ARCHIE IS CAMPAIGNING  
IN EARNEST SINCE HIS  
FATHER SAID HE MIGHT BE  
PRESIDENT SOME DAY!"



"I'M GONNA STOP  
BUYING FOOD IN CANS  
YOU WASTE TOO MUCH  
TIME SHOOTING THE  
TOPS OFF!"



"MISTER WINTERBOTTOM  
IS USED TO BEING  
IN OVERCROWDED  
ELEVATORS!"





# ESPIONAGE

## A Complete Story-Starring the Black X

AS YOU KNOW, THE SUPERIOR AMERICAN AIRWAYS ARE INAUGURATING A NEW TRANSATLANTIC SERVICE... THE INTELLIGENCE DEPARTMENT HAS A HUNCH THAT AN ATTEMPT WILL BE MADE TO PREVENT THE FIRST FLIGHT FROM BEING A SUCCESS. THERE ARE FOREIGN COMPANIES THAT WOULD LIKE TO PIONEER SUCH A SERVICE. THEY'D STOP AT NOTHING TO SUCCEED. I HAVE ARRANGED A PASSAGE FOR YOU.

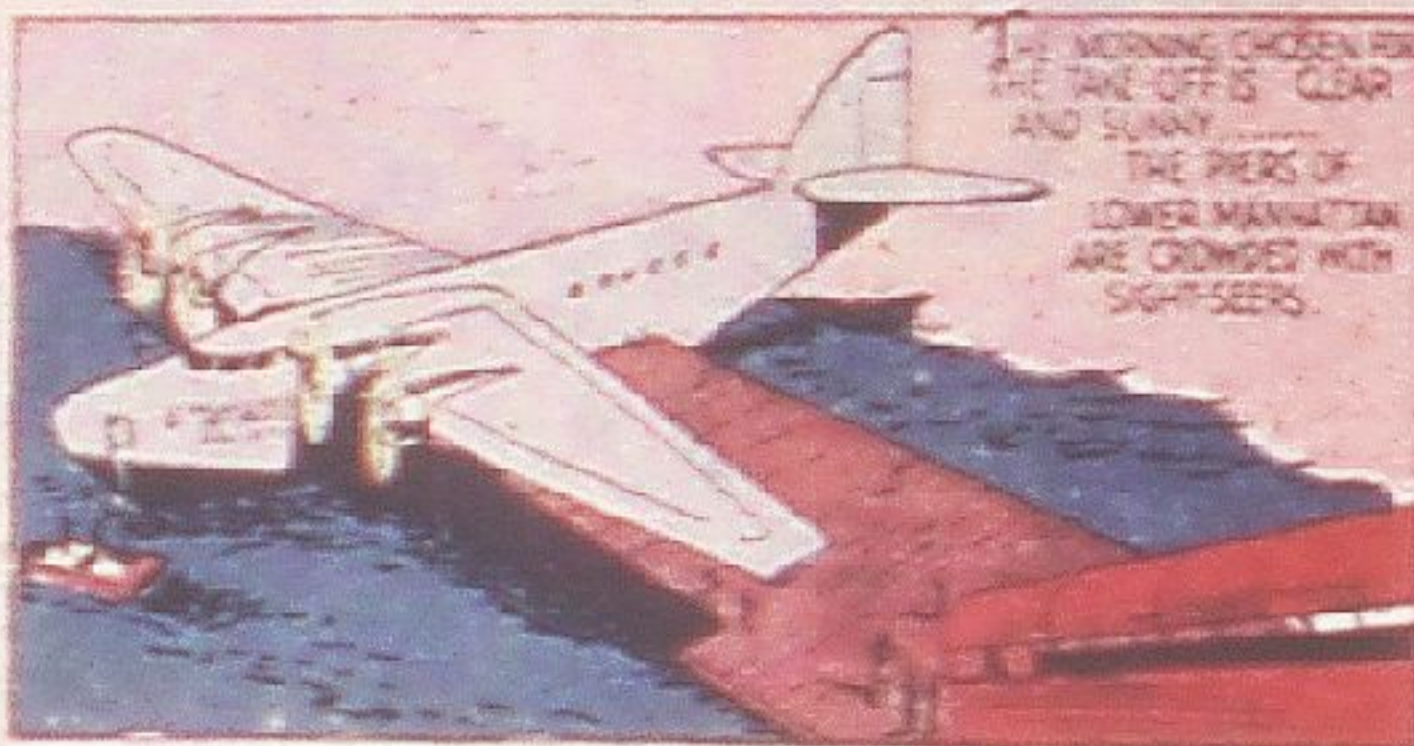
I UNDERSTAND, THE "BLACK X" WILL DO HIS BEST!

YOU KNOW THE STORY MULLIGAN, I'VE ARRANGED A PASSAGE FOR YOU— IF YOU FAIL, DON'T RETURN...

AIN'T NOBODY GONNA PUT OVER WITHIN ON "MISY MULLIGAN!"

AND SOME PLACE IN THE BUSY METROPOLIS.

EVERYTHING IS READY... HAVE THAT BOAT WAITING FOR ME... NO, DON'T WORRY, NO ONE SUSPECTS ME. I CAN ASSURE YOU, SIR, THAT THE "CLIPPER" WILL NEVER REACH EUROPE!



THE MORNING CHOSEN FOR THE TAKE-OFF IS CLEAR AND SUNNY... THE PIERS OF LOWER MANHATTAN ARE CROWDED WITH SIGHTSEERS.

15 MINUTES TO THE TAKE-OFF, SIR! MAY I SEE YOUR PAPERS, SIR? THANK YOU!

MY NAME IS JONSON SMITH. I'M AN AERONAUTICAL ENGINEER FROM WASHINGTON.

WELL... EVERYTHING IS ALL RIGHT, MR. SMITH!

HE SAID HIS NAME IS SMITH!! - WHY?

- SMITH, EH? HMM... OH-ER- NOTHIN' - JUST CURIOUS.

ONCE INSIDE THE SHIP, THE "BLACK X" GOES TO WORK.

WMM... WHAT AN ASSORTMENT OF NAMES... HELLO, WHAT'S THIS? - JONATHAN KITCHERSON.

SO? LOOKIN' AT THE PASSENGER LIST, EH? KINDA THOUGHT HE WAS SHADY - GONNA KEEP ME EYE ON HIM!

LATER...

THIS IS MOST AMUSING. THAT DETECTIVE HAS BEEN SHADOWING ME FOR THE LAST TEN MINUTES!







## CONTACT!

WITH A DEAFENING ROAR THE HUGEBRASSIAN JOOMS DOWN THE LOWER BAY, LIFTS OFF THE WATER LIKE A SILVER BIRD, CIRCLES MANHATTAN ISLAND ONCE, AND THEN POINTS HER SHINING NOSE EASTWARD — THE ATLANTIC OCEAN.





MEANWHILE BEHIND THEM AN ANXIOUS WORLD AWAITS NEWS OF THE FIRST FLIGHT. IN HIS OFFICE THE BLACK X'S SUPERIOR IS LISTENING BY PRIVATE SHORTWAVE TO HEAR THE RADIO REPORTS FROM THE TRANS-ATLANTIC CUPPER. . . .

HELLO AMERICA ---  
10 54 P.M. --- ALL IS  
WELL --- 600 MILES  
NORTH NORTHWEST  
OF THE AZORES ---  
CEILING HIGH ---  
THAT IS  
ALL ---



-- WELL -- IF ANYTHING IS  
GOING TO HAPPEN NOW WOULD  
BE THE TIME -- SURVIVORS WOULD  
NEVER BE FOUND OUT  
THERE

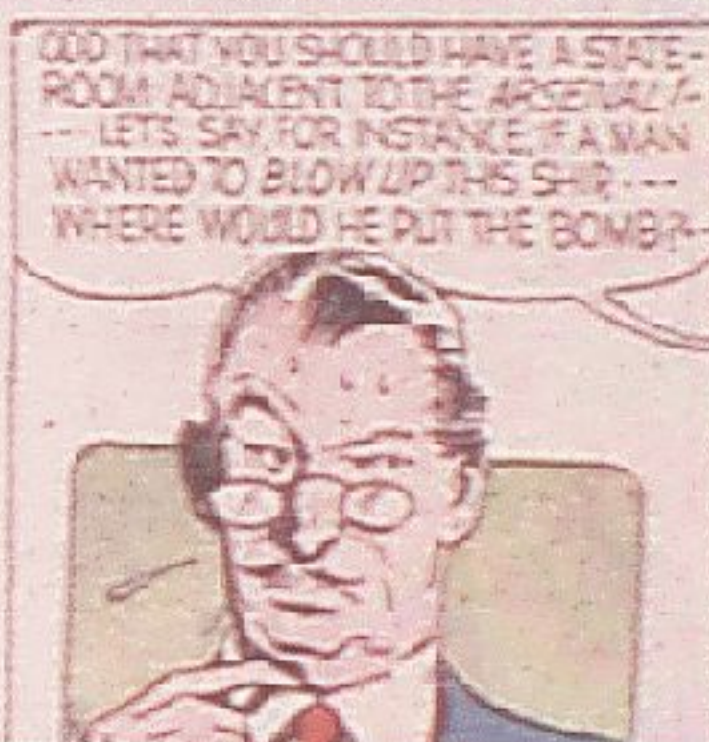
WHILE ON THE BIG SHIP THE BLACK  
X HAS LED HIS NEW FRIEND  
INTO THE SHIP'S ARSENAL ---



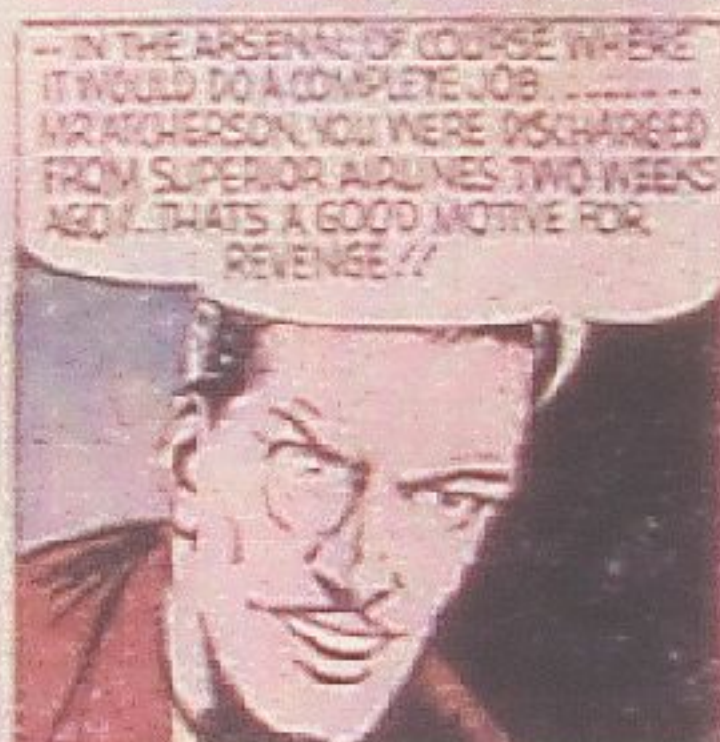
I SAY, MR. SMITH,  
WHY ARE YOU  
LOOKING THE DOOR?



SO THAT WE CAN  
TALK UNDISTURBED ---  
HMM --- SO THE DOOR  
LEADING TO YOUR ROOM  
IS OPEN ---



ODD THAT YOU SHOULD HAVE A STATE-  
ROOM ADJACENT TO THE ARSENAL? ---  
LET'S SAY, FOR INSTANCE, IF A MAN  
WANTED TO BLOW UP THIS SHIP ---  
WHERE WOULD HE PUT THE BOMB?



-- IN THE ARSENAL, OF COURSE, WHERE  
IT WOULD DO A COMPLETE JOB. . . .  
MR. HATCHERSON, YOU WERE DISCHARGED  
FROM SUPERIOR AIRLINES TWO WEEKS  
AGO. THAT'S A GOOD MOTIVE FOR  
REVENGE?!



SIR! -- ARE YOU  
ACCUSING ME OF  
CONSPIRING TO  
BLOW UP THIS  
PLANE?

I AM! . . . AND  
WE'LL STAY IN  
THIS ROOM UNTIL  
YOU TELL ME ALL!

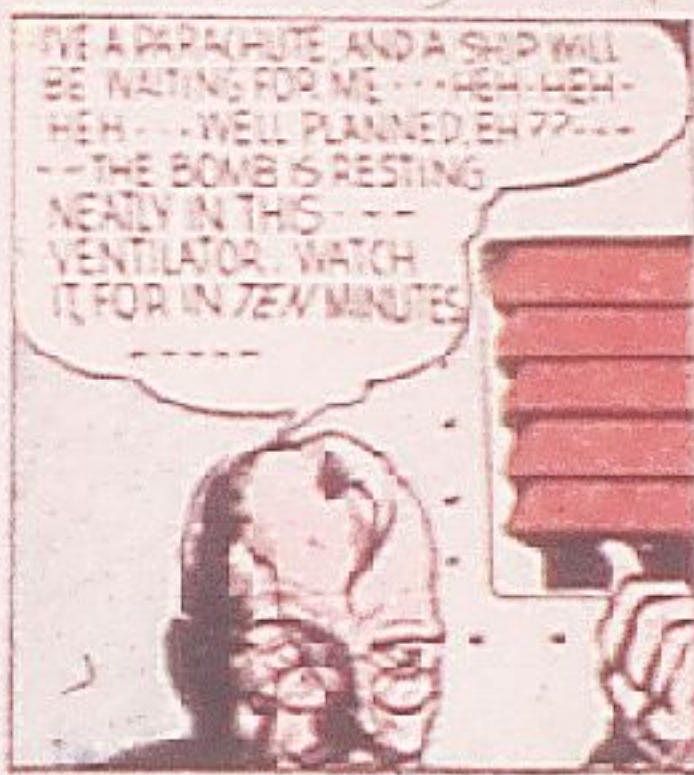


--- GET OUT OF MY WAY! ---  
I'M GETTING OUT OF HERE --- YOU'RE  
PRETTY SMART -- BUT I'M JUST A  
LITTLE SMARTER. . . . PUT UP  
YOUR HANDS!



HOW ARE YOU  
GOING TO GET OUT  
OF HERE, FLY OR  
WALK?

VERY FUNNY!  
THE BOMB IS  
A TIMED EXPLOSIVE!  
-- A FEW SECONDS  
BEFORE IT GOES OFF  
I'LL LEAVE THE  
SHIP!



I'VE A PARACHUTE, AND A SHIP WILL  
BE WAITING FOR ME. . . . HEH, HEH,  
HEH. . . . WELL, PLANNED, EH?? ---  
-- THE BOMB IS RESTING  
NEATLY IN THIS ---  
VENTILATOR. WATCH  
IT FOR IN TEN MINUTES  
---



THAT'S ALL I WANTED TO  
KNOW!



SUDDENLY THE BLACK X SLAMS HIS  
FOOT AGAINST A LIGHT SWITCH, CAUSING  
A SHORT CIRCUIT AND THROWING THE  
ROOM INTO UTTER DARKNESS. . . .





HIGH ALOFT, THE BIG CLIPPER TAKES ON A GHOST-LIKE APPEARANCE AS THE LIGHTS SUDDENLY GO OUT...



LISTENING AT THE DOOR IS "MURKY" MULLIGAN...

... HOLY SMOKE, A FIGHT! AND I CAN'T GET IN...



AND INSIDE...



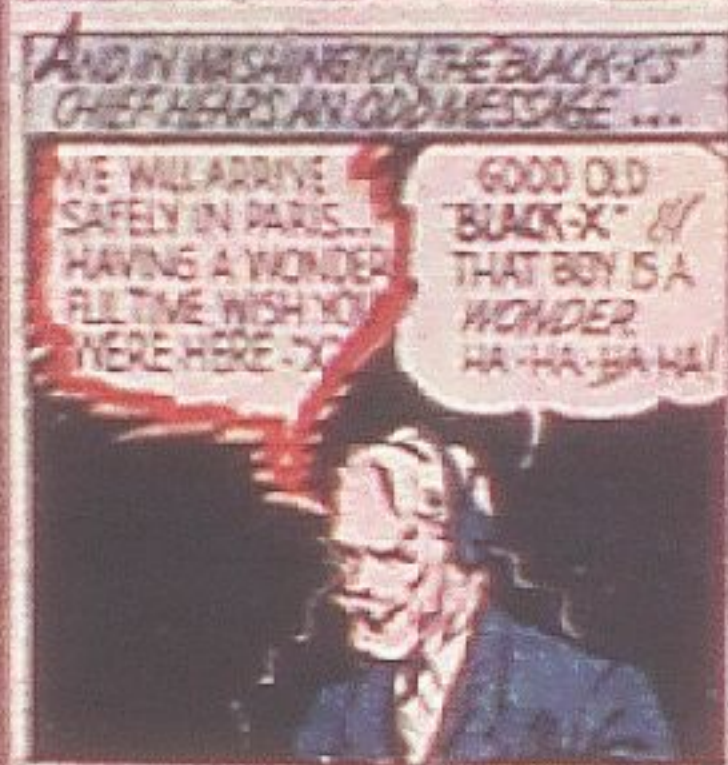
NOW TO DESTROY THESE WIRES...



AFTER MOMENTS OF DEER IN THE HANDS...

WHO ARE YOU? I CAN'T SEE YOU!

THAT'S FINE! SEND THIS MESSAGE AS I TELL YOU... HURRY!



AND IN WASHINGTON THE "BLACK-X" CHIEF HEARS AN ODD MESSAGE...

WE WILL ARRIVE SAFELY IN PARIS... HAVING A WONDERFUL TIME WISH YOU WERE HERE - XC

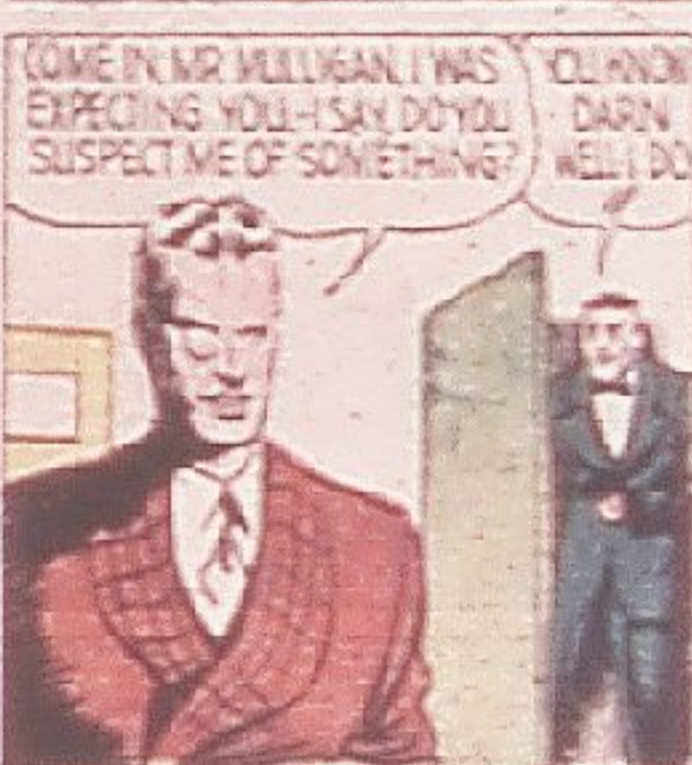
GOOD OLD "BLACK-X"!! THAT BOY IS A WONDER. HA-HA-HA-HA!



BACK ON THE PLANE MULLIGAN TAKES COMMAND...

YES, SIR!

IM GIVIN ORDERS NOW!... GO INTO THE ARSENAL AND YOU'LL FIND A GUY OUT COLD AND A BOMB THAT WON'T GO OFF. - I'LL SEE YA LATER.



COME IN MR. MULLIGAN, I WAS EXPECTING YOU - I SAY, DO YOU SUSPECT ME OF SOMETHING?

YOU KNOW DARN WELL I DO.



I HEARD EVERYTHING. I DON'T WANNA TAKE ALL THE CREDIT FOR THE CAPTURE, TELL ME WHO YOU ARE.

THAT MR. MULLIGAN MUST REMAIN A SECRET. - AS FOR THE CREDIT YOU MAY HAVE IT ALL IN ESPIONAGE IT IS FORBIDDEN!!



AND SEVERAL WEEKS LATER WHEN MULLIGAN REPORTED BACK TO ROUTE HEADQUARTERS...

YEP, I KNEW IT WAS ATCHERSON ALL THE TIME. - YA SEE, I FIGURED WHERE WOULD I PUT A BOMB IF I WERE GOING TO BLOW UP A PLANE?? - AND THERE I HAD THE ANSWER!



YE GODS! I'LL NEVER HEAR THE END OF IT! -



# TODDY

BY  
GEORGE MARCOUX



# Flossie

AL ZERE





# TODDY

BY  
GEORGE MARCOUX



# FLOSSIE

BY  
AL ZERE



More of Toddy and Flossie in the December issue—on sale October 28th.





## DIXIE DUGAN

By J. P. McEVY and J. H. STRIBEL







# DIXIE DUGAN

By J. P. McEVROY and J. H. STRIBEL







IT'S NO USE CARRYING DOTTIE—WE AREN'T HAVE HIM FOR DINNER



BUT YOU MUSTN'T TELL HIM



HEY—THERE THEY ARE



HECK—WELL, TOO CHICKEN-HEARTED! I GUESS

ARE THEY THAT FOR THIS THANKSGIVING?

## DIXIE DUGAN

By J. P. McEVROY and J. H. STRIEBEL



GEE! JANET HAS EVERYTHING TO BE THANKFUL FOR—LUCKY GIRL!



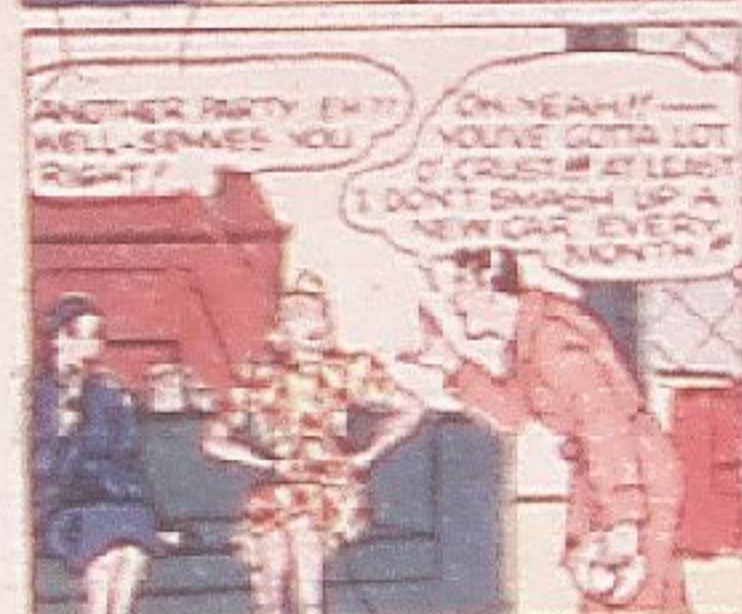
I'M RETURNING YOUR BOOK, JANET, AND THANKS A LOT

BOOK?—OH YES! I FORGOT—LOVE IN DIXIE



HAPPY THANKSGIVING, JACK!

AND—SAY IT BE THANKFUL IF I COULD GET RID OF THIS HEADACHE



ANOTHER PARTY, EH? WELL—SERVES YOU RIGHT!

OH, YEAH!—YOU'VE GOTTA LOT O' CRUST—AT LEAST I DON'T SWAGGER UP A NEW CAR EVERY MONTH



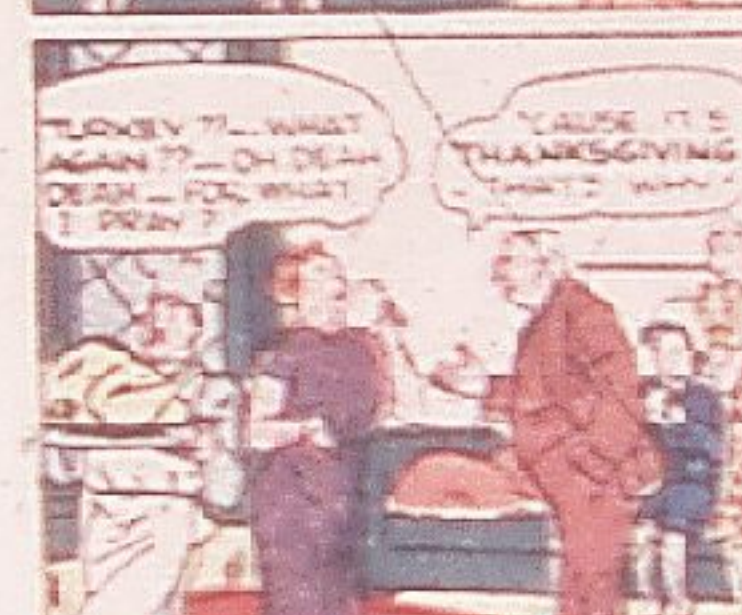
HERE, HERE, IF—STOP THAT CONTINUAL WRANGLING OR I'LL STOP YOUR ALLOWANCES!

YOU STARTED IT!



HENRY, MY DEAR, WHAT'S THIS?

A TURKEY, WHY?



TURKEY?—WHAT AGAIN?—OH, DEAR, DEAR—FOR WHAT I PRAY?

CAUSE IT'S THANKSGIVING—THAT'S WHY!



DEAR, DEAR—WE'VE HAD THAT BASTY FOWL SO MUCH I'M GETTING VEDDY VEDDY SICK OF IT!

SO THAT'S THE THANKS I GET!



GUESS I'LL TIDDLE ALONG, JANET.

OH, I WISH YOU COULD STAY, DIXIE—I'M SO BORED



YOU DARLINGS!

WHY, DIXIE—WHAT'S COME OVER YOU?



OH, IT'S BECAUSE I HAVE EVERYTHING IN THE WORLD TO BE THANKFUL FOR!





# DIXIE DUGAN

By J. P. McEVOY and J. H. STRIEBEL



More adventures of Dixie Dugan in the December issue - on sale October 28th.



# REYNOLDS of the MOUNTED

by



ARTHUR  
DINSMAN

WIM REYNOLDS, CRACK SERGEANT OF THE ROYAL MOUNTED POLICE REPORTS FOR DUTY.



REYNOLDS, AN OUTLAW KNOWN AS THE TERROR HAS BEEN STEALING FURS FROM TRAPPERS IN THE UPPER VALLEY SECTION. WE'VE GOT TO BREAK UP HIS GANG!



WITH COMPLETE DETAILS AND PAST ACTIVITIES OF THE TERROR AND HIS GANG, REYNOLDS HITS THE TRAIL IN AN EFFORT TO ACCOMPLISH WHAT NO OTHER MAN HAS BEEN ABLE TO DO.

A WEEK LATER THE MOUNTIE REACHES A SMALL TRADING POST ON DEER LAKE.



ENTERING THE TOWN OF SKELETON CREEK, HE HALTS HIS HORSE AT THE MAIN BUILDING, KANE'S GAMBLING HALL.



SO-YOU WEE! NOT TELL ME WHERE YOU HAVE HIDDEN THOSE FURS, EH?

TAKE YOUR HANDS OFF THAT MAN!



OH-A MOUNTIE, EH? PIERRE BATEAU STOPS FOR NO ONE-MAYBE I FEEK YOU TOO, HUH?

DROP THAT KNIFE!

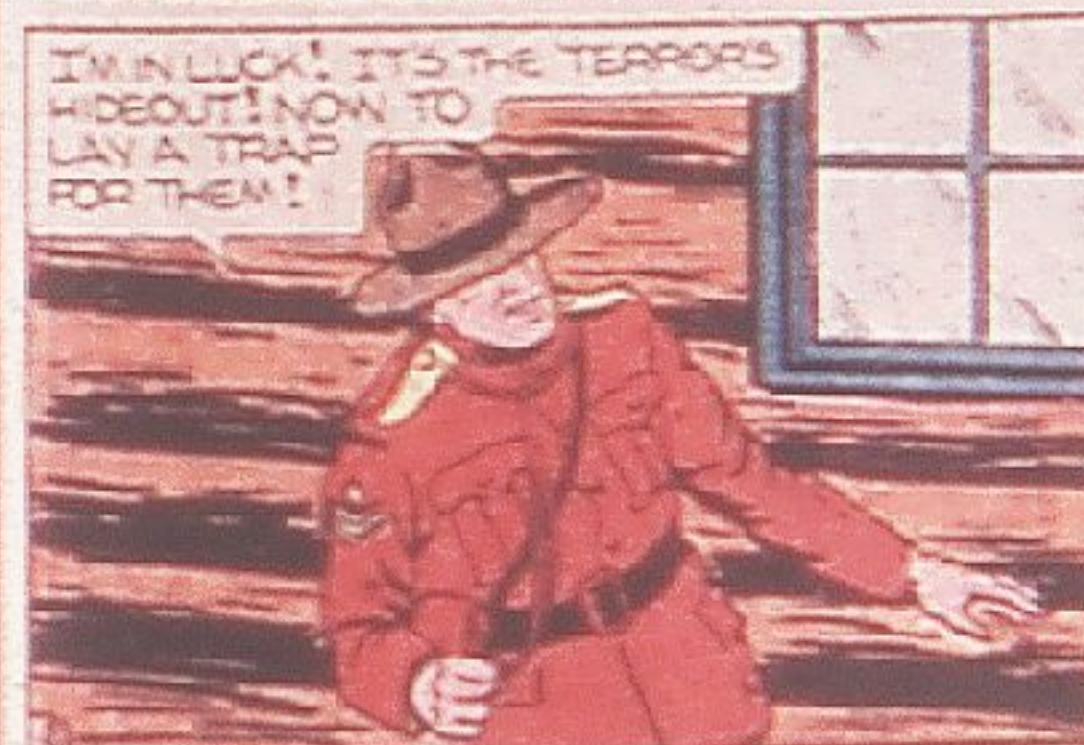


BOY-WHAT A SHOT!

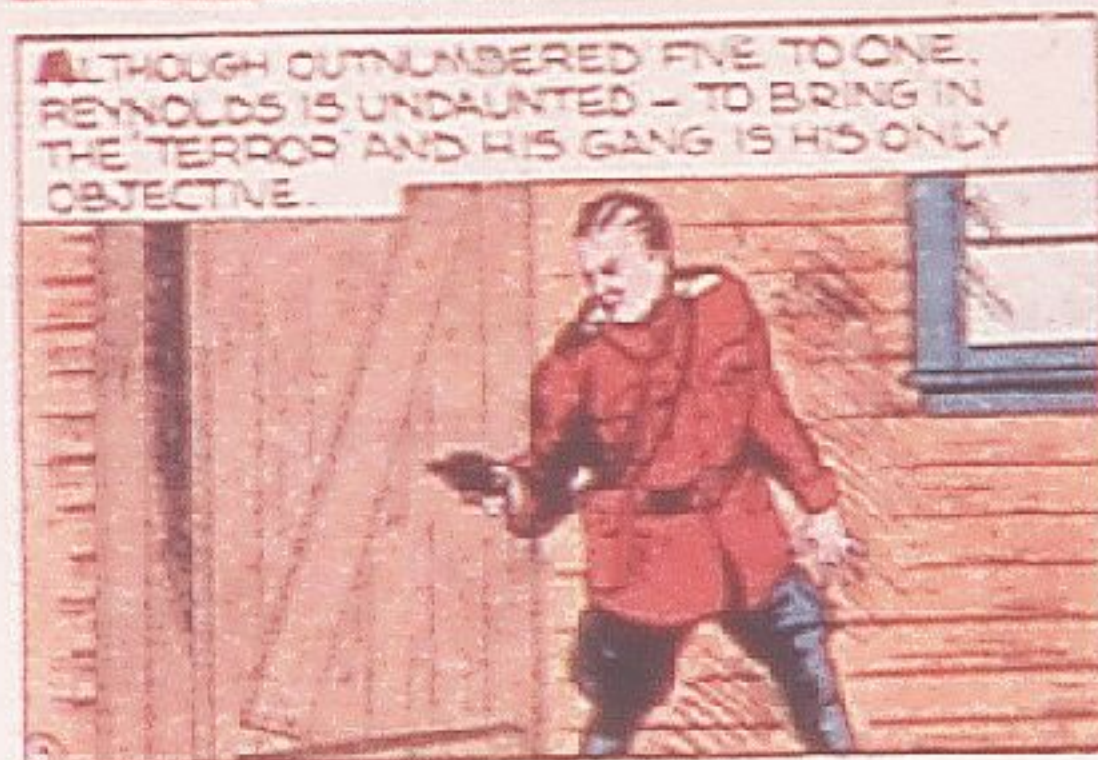
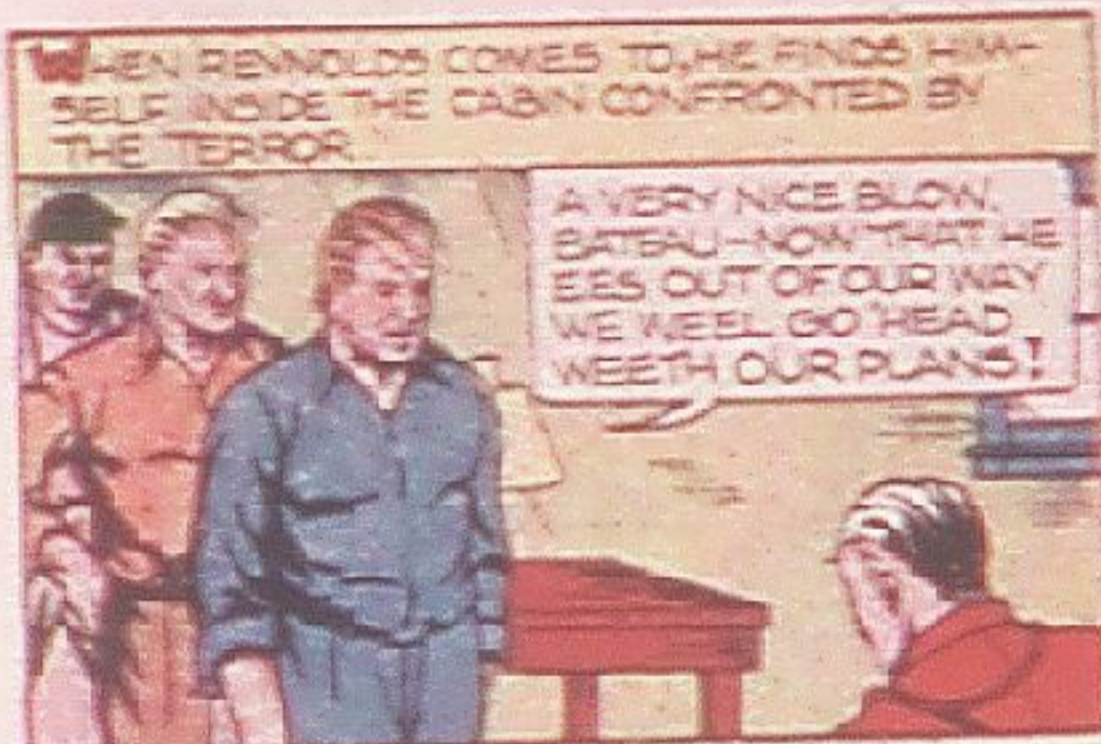


BUT THE HALF-CRAZED BATEAU IGNORES THE MOUNTIES COMMAND AND RUSHES HEADLONG AT REYNOLDS WHO DODGES AND-

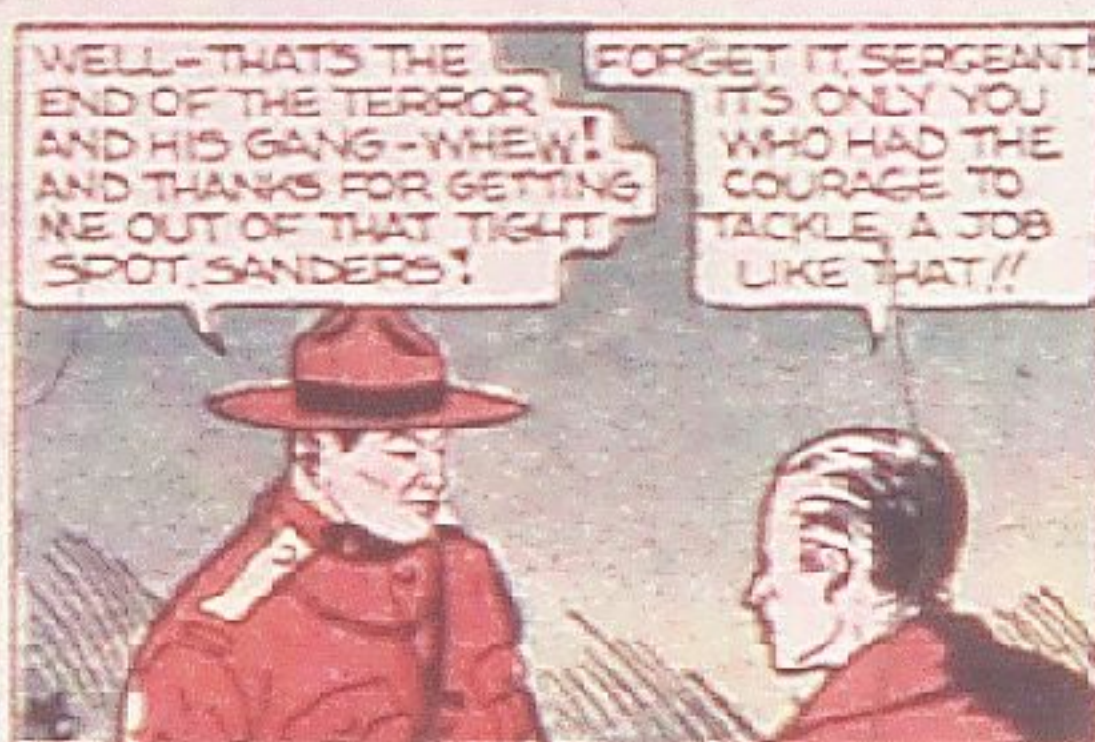
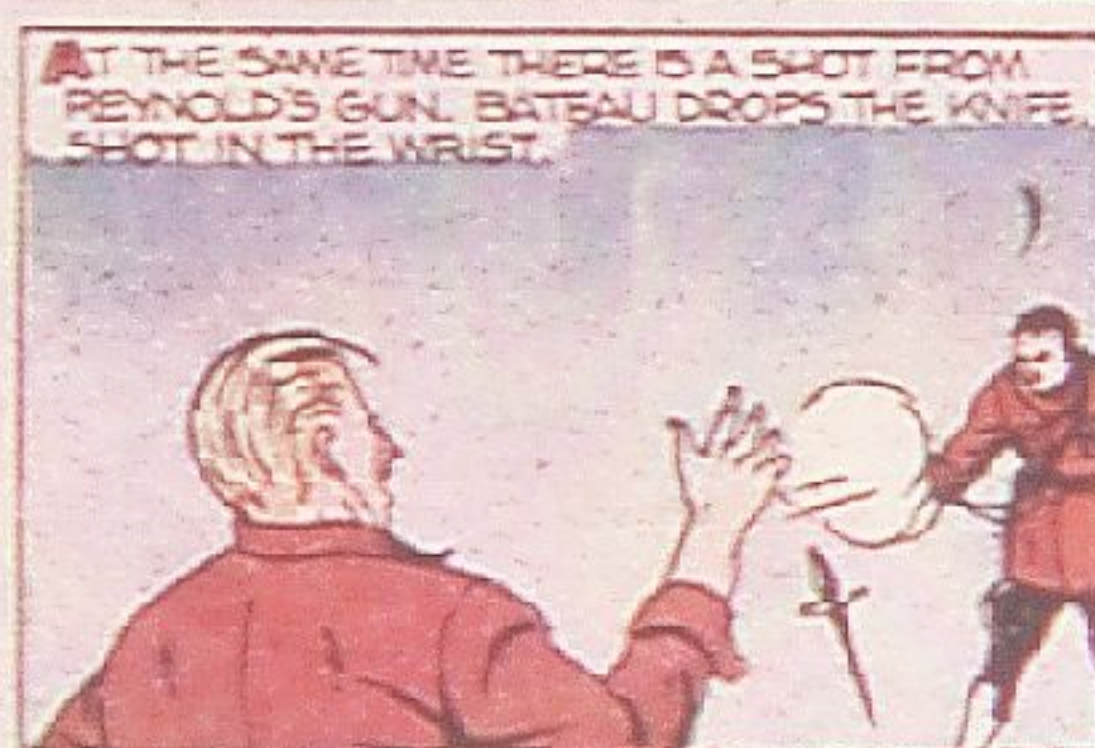














# NED BRANT

By BOB ZUPPKE

DRAWN BY M. BROWN

HURRY UP, NED-GET INTO WHAT YOU'RE DOING DOWN YOUR WAY CALL YOUR SUNDAY EMBROIDERER!

WHAT'S THE IDEA, BUOT?

WE'RE GOING TO ASTOUND A BUNCH OF CARTERS BETTER LOOKING GALS WITH OUR VAST KNOWLEDGE AND AMUSEMENT WITH OUR SHARP WIT

NOT FOR ME-IT'S NO GOOD AT THAT!

HEY-YOU CAN'T WEAR THAT HAT!

OH, CAN'T I? IF THOSE UPPERCLASSMEN THINK I'M GOING TO WEAR THAT GOOPY-LOOKING GREEN CAP, THEY'RE CRAZY!

JUST THE SAME, IF NO HEST ANY, THERE'LL BE FIREWORKS!

I WAS WRONG ABOUT YOUR BEING A DUNCE-YOU'RE A CLUSTER OF TEAL!

AA/THERE APPROACH TWO COMELY MAIDS WE MIGHT GIVE A BREAK!

I DON'T LIKE THIS!

HEY, BLUDGEON! LOOK AT THE HAT ON THAT FRESHMAN!

LET'S NOT PERMIT THE FACT THAT HE LIVES AT COACH BRANT'S HOME TO INTERFERE WITH THE VISUAL PROGRAM, RED!

MAY WE CUT-IN?

TAKE OFF YOUR MASKS, BOYS-WE'LL CAN YOU BEAT THAT? IT'S THEIR REGULAR FACES!

WE'LL HAVE HIM BACK IN A JIFFY, GIRLS!

BUO HAS JUST HEARD THAT HAT FOR A JOKE, FELLOWS-REALLY!

TAKE OFF THAT FASHION MAGAZINE LID, FRESHMAN!

I WON'T-AND NEITHER YOU NOR ANY OTHER DUMB GUY LIKE YOU CAN MAKE ME!

OKAY, RED-WE'LL PUT HIM THROUGH ROUTINE NO. 27!

NO 26A IS MORE SUITABLE, IF I MAY BE SO BOLDS TO OFFER A SUGGESTION!

Unless we're mistaken, the gentleman watching these activities is Carter College's President Dinkaldson who, to put it mildly, disapproves of hazing.



DELTA PHI

## COLLEGE FRATERNITIES

FOUNDED AT UNION COLLEGE SCHENECTADY, N. Y., NOV. 17, 1827 BY TEN MEN. THIRD OF AMERICAN COLLEGE FRATERNITIES IN ORDER OF ESTABLISHMENT.



# NED BRANT

By BOB ZUPPKE

DEARWELL'S WEEKLY



HOW COME YOUR VARSITY LOOK TO YOU, COACH?

I MAY BE TOO OPTIMISTIC SOMETIMES, BUT I BELIEVE WE'RE ABOUT TO BREAK OUR LOSING STREAK.



GIVE THE BOYS A CLOSE EXAMINATION, JAKE.

COACH, I'LL EVEN LOOK FOR SIGNS OF DANDLIPS!



THE VARSITY SURE TORE US UP TODAY!

ANY THAT BUNCA COULDN'T BEAT A DUSTY RUCI WITH 17 SUBSTITUTIONS!



THAT'S THE STUFF, FRESHMAN - KEEP ON THAT GREEN CAP AND YOU WON'T HAVE ANY MORE TROUBLE!

ON YOUR MAT, BARRELO LARD! I'LL GET EVEN WITH YOU FOR SHOWING ME UP IN FRONT OF A SHELL JANGER!



EVERY WHOLE TUNED LIKE A GUITAR STRING!

NOTE FOR YOU FROM PRESIDENT DONALDSON'S OFFICE: COACH



GET ME RED LIGHT AND BLOODSHON, JAKE!

ANYTHING WRONG?



YOU SENT FOR US, COACH?

DID YOU FELLOWS THROW BOO SHEKELS IN THE CAMPUS LAKE?



WELL, HE REFUSED TO WEAR HIS GREEN CAP AND HE GOT FREGK - AND THERE WAS THE LAKE - AND -

PRESIDENT DONALDSON HAS JUST DECLARED YOU BOTH INELIGIBLE FOR THE ONE GAME I THOUGHT WE MIGHT WIN!



JUST FOR TOSSED THAT FANCY DRESSER IN THE LAKE WE GET BENCHED BY ORDER OF PREKY DONALDSON!

I FEEL LIKE I'D POISONED A BLIND MAN'S DOG, RED - NOW ABOUT YOU? AND COACH SAYS CARTER CAN'T WIN WITHOUT US!

BENCHED FOR HAZING ME, BOY. THEY MUST FEEL ANTI- - MAYBE -?



ALPHA  
PHI  
DELTA

## COLLEGE FRATERNITIES

FOUNDED: AT SYRACUSE UNIVERSITY IN 1912. STARTED ON A NATIONAL PROGRAM AFTER ITS UNION WITH A LOCAL OF SIMILAR NAME WHICH HAD EXISTED MORE THAN A YEAR AT COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY.



# NED BRANT

By BOB ZUPPKE

WITHOUT YOU, RED AND BLUDGEON, WE'LL GET MOPPED UP LIKE AN OLD BACK ROOM IN THAT GAME!

MAYBE PRESIDENT DONALDSON WILL LIFT OUR SUSPENSION, COACH.

THE ONLY CHANCE WOULD BE FOR BUD TO GO TO HIM.

WE TREATED HIM PRETTY ROUGH—IN AFFRAID HE ISN'T A GOOD ENOUGH SPORT TO TRY TO GET US REINSTATED.

?

PRESIDENT DONALDSON LEFT ORDERS NOT TO BE DISTURBED!

ONE SIDE, SWEET AND DAINTY—I'M GOING IN!

WELL!

I HAD TO SEE YOU, SIR—IT'S VERY IMPORTANT, NO KID—I MEAN REALLY!

I'M SURE THEY WOULDN'T HAVE TOUCHED ME IF I HADN'T REFUSED TO WEAR MY GREEN CAP—AND BOY, HOW WE NEED THEM IN THAT GAME!

I CONSIDER YOUR ATTITUDE IN COMING HERE, SHEKELS, AND—WELL—WE'LL SEE.

COUL—THAT'S HOT STU—I MEAN—THANK YOU VERY MUCH, PRESIDENT DONALDSON!

WHY WON'T YOU SEE THE PRESIDENT, BUD? WHERE'S YOUR SCHOOL SPIRIT?

WHAT DID THE SCHOOL EVER DO FOR ME EXCEPT MAKE ME WEAR A CAP THAT'D WIN FIRST PRIZE AT ANY MASQUERADE?

MESSAGE FOR COACH BRANT FROM PRESIDENT DONALDSON—

THANK YOU—DOES HE EXPECT AN ANSWER?

BLUDGEON AND RED LIGHT CAN PLAY!

AND THE PRESIDENT SAYS WE CAN THANK BUD SHEKELS!

BUT WE WANT YOU TO KNOW WE THINK YOU'RE A GREAT GUY, BUD!

SKIP IT! I DON'T DO IT FOR YOU—I DID IT FOR—AW, I DON'T KNOW WHY I DID IT—I MUST HAVE BEEN TEMPORARILY INSANE!

## COLLEGE FRATERNITIES



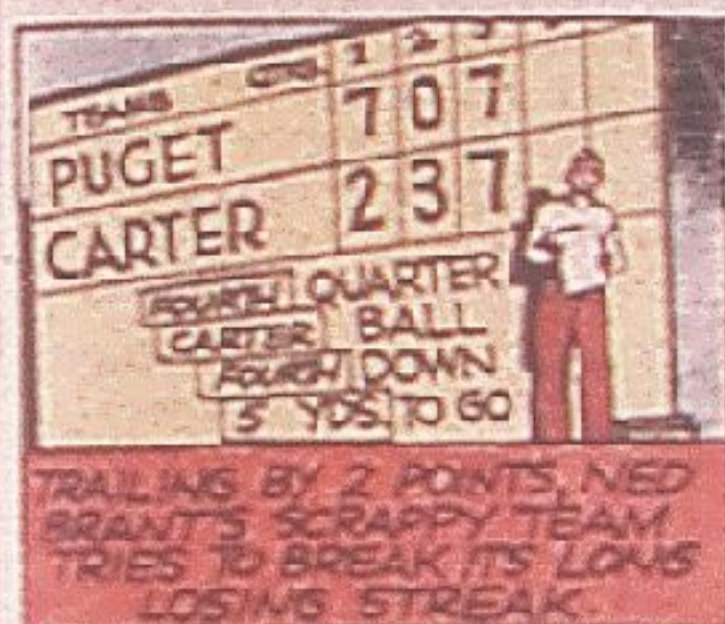
ALPHA KAPPA LAMBDA

FOUNDED: AT THE UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA APRIL 22, 1914. EMINENT ALUMNI: JUSTICE MARVIN B. ROSENBERY, WISCONSIN SUPREME COURT; LEE E. BASSETT, PROFESSOR OF ENGLISH, STANFORD UNIVERSITY.



# NED BRANT

By BOB ZUPPKE



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388 Lexington Avenue  
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Canada and Foreign \$1.50

Ned Brant is continued in the December issue of **FEATURE FUNNIES**—on sale October 28th.



# PIRATES AHOY!!.....

By CHARLES B. DRISCOLL

## *A Governor Who Hunted Treasure*

Sir William Phips, first royal governor of the colony of Massachusetts, was as well acquainted with pieces of eight as he was with diplomacy and the art of handling people. His exploits in going out after sunken treasure and bringing home the bullion brought him knighthood.

He was governor of Massachusetts at the time of the Salem witchcraft excitement, but let it be said to his credit that he was at Quebec fighting the French at the height of the frenzy. When he returned he put a stop to the hangings and turned out of jail scores of innocent persons who were about to suffer death in the insane frolic of the witch-ridden saints of Salem. Governor Phips simply explained to the people that he had learned that the devil had been very active in Massachusetts during his absence, and had taken on the forms and appearances of many good citizens. The damage had been done by the devil, and there was no sense in hanging the citizens whom the devil had been impersonating.

He was born in 1650 near Wiscasset, Maine, which has treasure stories of its own.

According to Cotton Mather, who wrote one of the most detailed biographies of Governor Phips that has come down to us, William was one of a family of twenty-six children, twenty-one of whom were boys.

So William hadn't a chance to learn to read or write until he was earning his own living as a shipwright, at the age of eighteen. When he did learn to read, he took a fancy to tales of pirates and galleons and treasure of the Spanish Main. He became quite an authority on these closely allied subjects.

At about the age of twenty-three William Phips took a contract to build a ship out of Maine

timber, and about the same time he married a ship captain's daughter. He sailed his newly built ship to Boston, and delivered her to her owners. He was not given command of this vessel, because he had failed to bring into Boston a cargo of lumber on his first trip. Instead, he brought in a full load of refugees who were fleeing from an Indian massacre.

Phips obtained employment in a shipyard in Boston, and continued to keep extensive notes on all treasure stories that came his way. Also, he talked about treasure-hunting wherever he thought he might eventually obtain assistance toward outfitting an expedition.

In 1681, when Phips was thirty-one years old, he started upon his first treasure-seeking venture. He had a small sloop, furnished by a Boston owner who was willing to take a chance.

From island to island, and from reef to reef, Captain Phips sailed, taking soundings, listening to tales told by natives, and employing the skillful black divers of the West Indies to follow up his information.

He succeeded in bringing up from an old wrecked galleon off the coast of Hispaniola a few large bars of silver. Not enough to make anybody rich, but enough to pay his way to England and furnish his expenses while organizing an expedition on a larger scale.

Captain Phips went to London with definite information about a certain wrecked treasure galleon. He had a regular treasure-seeker's map, with a cross marking the spot where the treasure lies.

I do not know why he had not brought up the treasure on his first trip, since he knew where it lay. Possibly he had made too liberal an arrangement with the Boston ship-owner, and had no intention of making the big strike until he had the terms more in his favor.

He stayed in London nearly a year, seeking audience with King Charles the Second. By dint of much wire-pulling and sharing of the treasure he had already brought up, he succeeded. King Charles liked the scheme. It sounded romantic and sporting to him. For a goodly share of the treasure, Charles agreed to furnish a ship and some sort of a crew. The bargain was struck on this basis.

The vessel was the navy frigate *Rose*, lately captured from the Algerine corsairs. She mounted eighteen guns and carried nearly a hundred men.

The *Rose* sailed from London in the fall of 1683, and stopped in Boston harbor for several weeks. To Boston's great distress it was demonstrated that the crew furnished by His Majesty for the treasure-hunting expedition was a pack of cutthroat scoundrels. Every Saturday evening the drunken sailors of the *Rose* frigate gave a riot on the Common, and there was much smashing of heads. Captain Phips himself was dragged before a magistrate for fighting, and in a loud voice gave the learned jurist a piece of his mind.

The crew rose up in mutiny while diving operations were going on, near the island of Nassau. A few sailors remained faithful, but the great majority joined in a plot to throw Captain Phips over the side and go pirating.

"What's the use of diving for the stuff, when we can just as easily take it off ships still afloat?" they argued.

Phips was informed of the impending mutiny just in time to defend himself and his ship. He turned all the guns of the *Rose* upon the camp of the mutineers when they had been driven ashore. The disloyal sailors spent a day out in the jungle, plotting. The captain halted the group when it emerged





from the woods and began loading equipment upon his vessel, preparatory to getting under weigh. The mutineers, unable to argue with the ship's guns, confessed, begged, and were taken aboard. But Captain Phips would not risk further operations with them. He sailed to Jamaica, turned his mutineers loose ashore, and shipped a new crew.

On the next trip, Phips anchored due north of the harbor called Port Plate, on the island of Hispaniola, where now is the republic of Haiti. This harbor, on the north side of the island, got its name, as all men knew in those days, from the wreck of a Spanish galleon carrying a great load of silver plate, forty-four years before the arrival of Captain Phips on the scene.

After some weeks of dragging and diving in the vicinity of the reef marked with the cross on the map, Captain Phips sailed away to England with never a bar of silver. He endeavored to interest the crown in a bigger and better treasure hunting expedition, but the crown was now being worn by James the Second, who would have nothing to do with such an enterprise. James took the Rose away from Phips and put it back into naval service.

There followed a series of misfortunes, including a term in jail in London. But Captain Phips interested the Duke of Albermarle

and some of his friends in the treasure hunt, and got a ship and a new royal permit to hunt the Spanish wreck.

The expedition sailed in the James and Mary, a small merchant ship, in 1685. Much diving by the natives produced nothing, until a certain day when the work along a promising reef was about to be abandoned. A diver took one last plunge to get a beautiful marine plant that could be seen through the clear water. He got the plant—and a heavy lump of silver, encrusted with coral.

The wreck had been located in thirty-six feet of water. The rest was work and high romance. Diving and stowing treasure kept all hands busy and happy.

Within two weeks they had stowed away on the James and Mary thirty-two tons of silver bars and lumps. There were no less than five bushels of pieces of eight, knocked out of the masses of coral brought up from the old galleon. There was a goodly quantity of gold, and some jewels.

Captain Phips sailed back to London with treasure worth, in modern terms, approximately two million dollars.

The King was mightily impressed. Kings can understand the language of gold and silver. Phips wasn't put into jail any more. He was knighted by the king, and was offered any job that might be vacant. But he wanted another chance at the treasure. He got up a second expedition. When it reached the spot marked by the cross, let the sea was black with barges and divers, and there wasn't enough loot left in the old galleon to load a canoe! The news of the great boom had spread rapidly, although there were no telegraphs or cables.

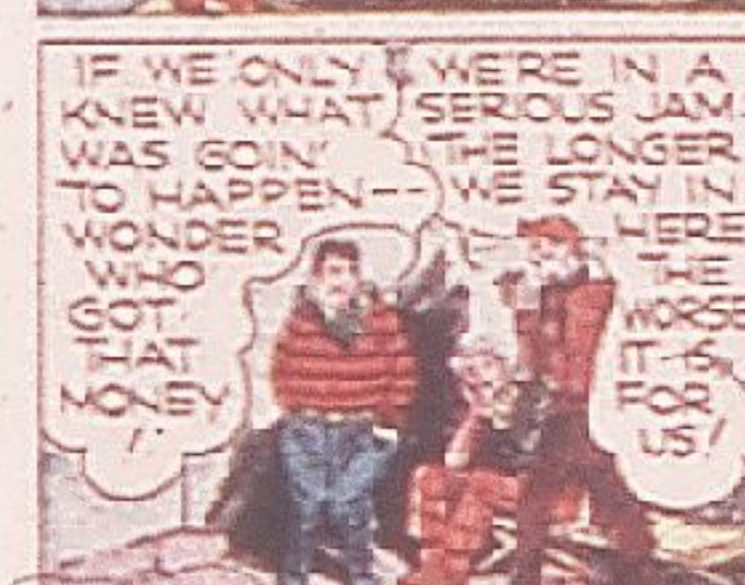
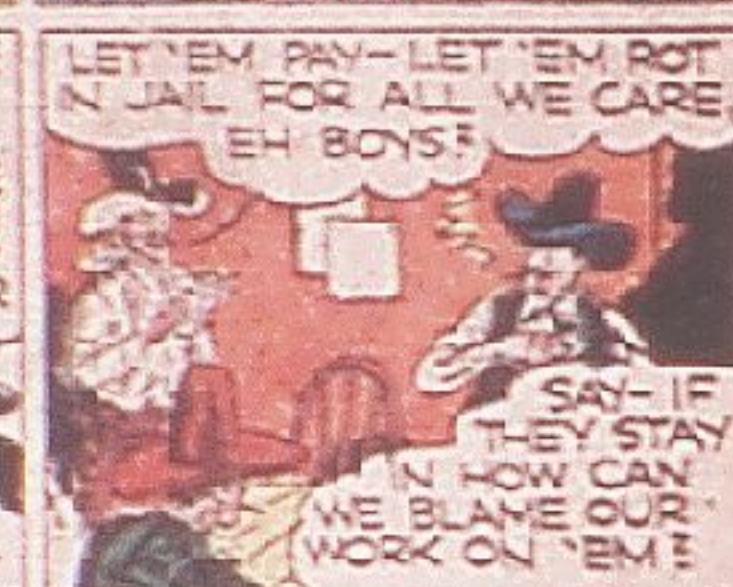
On his return to England, Phips was appointed high sheriff of Massachusetts. He returned to Boston and built a fine brick house for himself and his wife, at the corner of Charter Street and Green Lane, afterwards Salem Street.

In 1692 he was appointed first royal governor of Massachusetts. He had a rather stormy time of it, but remained always captain of the ship. He died in 1694, and lies buried in the church of St. Mary Woolnoth, in London. On his tombstone the whole story of the treasure is inscribed.

## THE BARBARIAN

A thrilling tale of ancient Sybaris and Macedon, starts in the December issue of **FEATURE FUNNIES** - on sale October 28th.







# SLIM and TUBBY

John J. Welch



CONTINUED

Slim and Tubby is continued in the December issue—on sale October 28th.



# STRANGE AS IT SEEMS

by JOHN HIX

YOUNGEST BRIDE TO  
BECOME A "FIRST LADY"

ELIZA MCCARDLE MARRIED  
ANDREW JOHNSON AT 16--  
AND TAUGHT HER HUSBAND,  
LATER PRESIDENT OF THE U.S.,  
TO READ AND WRITE

THIS SIGNPOST  
IN THE KHYBER PASS.

India,

ROUTES CAMEL  
AND HORSE  
TRAFFIC OVER  
ONE ROAD AND  
MOTOR VEHICLES OVER  
ANOTHER

SPANISH MOSS,  
NEITHER SPANISH NOR A MOSS,  
IS NOT A PARASITE--YET DIES IF THE TREE  
IT GROWS ON DIES...

TAKING WATCHES APART  
WAS A FAVORITE PASTIME  
OF PETER THE GREAT,  
RUSSIAN CZAR...

GUINEA PIG EXPLORERS!  
CRIMINALS WERE THE  
FIRST MEN SENT ASHORE  
BY 16TH-CENTURY PORTUGUESE  
EXPLORATION PARTIES--TO SEE  
IF IT WERE SAFE FOR THE  
OTHERS TO LAND

THE  
FIRE THAT BURNED  
FOR 1200 YEARS!

PHAROS OF ALEXANDRIA,  
EGYPT, "FATHER OF LIGHTHOUSES"  
HAD A BONFIRE BEACON  
VISIBLE FOR 27 MILES...

OVER 350 FEET HIGH,  
THIS 7TH WONDER OF THE WORLD  
WAS ERECTED ABOUT 250 B.C.  
AND WRECKED BY TRICKERY  
IN THE 11TH CENTURY WHEN  
TORN APART IN SEARCH OF A  
FABULOUS TREASURE, FALSELY  
REPORTED TO EXIST BY ENEMIES  
WHO WISHED IT DESTROYED

ALL-WEATHER  
BIRD...

THE ROBIN, WIDELY  
REGARDED AS A  
HARBINGER OF SPRING,  
IS CONSIDERED AN OMEN  
OF SNOW AND FROST IF IT  
ENTERS A HOUSE IN  
SOUTHERN IRELAND

John Hix



# LALA PALOOZA

By RUBE GOLDBERG

THIS IS MY SANITARY  
HOT DOS PASSER FOR  
FOOTBALL GAMES!



AN SIS--  
TO RATHER  
GO TO THE  
RACE-  
TRACK!

TWO  
PLEASE!

GLASS-  
BOTTOM  
BOATS  
TO  
SUBMARINE  
GARDENS--  
SEE ALL THE  
DEEP-SEA  
FISH \$1.00



VINCENT--  
A LITTLE  
NATURE  
STUDY WILL  
BE GOOD  
FOR YOU!

I DON'T  
WANNA  
GO!



NOW FOLKS, LET  
US FIRST VIEW THE  
LESS IMPORTANT  
FAUNA OF THE  
DEEP AS WE GO  
THROUGH SHALLOW  
WATER!!

I ONLY  
LIKE  
COOKED  
FISH



RIGHT UNDER  
US IS A  
SCHOOL OF  
RUBBER-TOOTHED  
DUFFEL-  
POOFS!

OH!

SO  
WHAT?



I GOT SOMETHIN'  
MORE IMPORTANT  
THAN FISH TO  
THINK  
ABOUT!



ON A WET TRACK THAT  
SAUSAGE CAKE IS A CINCCH,  
BUT IF IT CLEARS UP I'LL  
LAY TWO  
BUCKS ON  
JAM  
SESSION!



I LIKE  
PICCOLO  
IN THE 4TH  
RACE, BUT--



UMPF!

NOW WE GAZE AT THE  
LARGER CREATURES OF  
THE SEA AND THE  
LOWEST FORM OF  
ANIMAL LIFE!



SWELL!!



AH! SOMETHING RARE  
IN THESE WATERS!!  
LOOKS LIKE THE  
SPONGE-HEADED  
SUOPOLA!!

OH!



AN' I WAS JUST STARTIN' 'EM! THEY'RE T' STUDY THE FISH!

WELL STUDY  
THEM! THEY'RE  
FALL ON ME!



# Lala Palooza

By Rube Goldberg

VINCENT-WHAT SORT OF A NEW GADGET IS THAT?

IT'S A BED I INVENTED TO MAKE PEOPLE AIR-MINDED!!

CLOUD

CLOUD

CLOUD

VINCENT-WHY DID WE EVER COME HOME BY PLANE- I'M SCARED STIFF!

AW-WE GOT NOthin' TO LOSE BUT OUR LIVES, SIS!

DID YOU CALL ME MADAM?

YES-HAVE WE GOT ENOUGH GAS? WILL WE BE HIT BY LIGHTENING? CAN THE PILOT FALL ASLEEP? WILL A WING DROP OFF?

OH- I'M SURE WE'RE GONNA BUMP RIGHT INTO THAT MOUNTAIN!!



HOW CAN WE LAND ON THAT LITTLE FIELD? WE'LL CRASH SURE!!



WHAT A RELIEF TO BE BACK ON FIRM GROUND AGAIN!

BUT YOU GOTTA ADMIT SIS, THAT HOSTESS WAS SOME EYE-FULL!!



LET'S WALK VINCENT- SO WE CAN FEEL THE NICE SAFE GROUND UNDER OUR FEET!

DID YOU NOTICE HER EYES?



SO PEACEFUL!!



SO CALM!

CRASH



SO QUIET!

BANG



SO RESTFUL



SO--



SIS- I STILL SAY THAT HOSTESS WAS A KNOCK-OUT!



# LALA PALOOZA

BY RUBE GOLDBERG

HERE'S MY ALARM WHEN YOUR WIFE GOES THROUGH YOUR TROUSER POCKETS--WHEN SHE DISTURBS TROUSERS STRING LIGHTS RED FLASH-LIGHT, CAUSING WOODPECKER TO MISTAKE YOUR NOSE FOR A STICK OF RED-WOOD, AND AS HE PECKS IT AWAKENS YOU--



VINCENT, HERE'S YOUR COAT AND SHOES--I DON'T WANT TO SEE YOU 'TILL THE GIRLS GO



GUESS I'LL SEE WHAT'S GOIN' ON IN THE CLUB



HELLO--YOU DUCKED OUT ON OUR CHATTERING WINES, EH? GIMME A STACK OF REDS



LADIES, I'M SO DELIGHTED THAT YOU'RE ALL HERE--I'VE GOT THE CUTEST IDEA FOR A HOLIDAY CHARITY CLUB!



WE'LL CALL OURSELVES THE "HAPPY HOLIDAY HELPERS"--AND NOW WE'LL ALL MAKE A LIBERAL CONTRIBUTION!!



I'M SO SORRY LALA--I CAN'T GIVE A THING NOW! MY HUSBAND JUST HAD AWFUL LUCK IN WALL STREET!



LALA--I COULDN'T ASK HENRY FOR A CENT--HE JUST GOT ME THIS MINK COAT!



ONLY LAST NIGHT OSWALD SAID WED HAVE TO ECONOMIZE WITH TAXES!



THANKS GENTLEMEN--ANYBODY WANT TO BORROW CARFARE?



WHAT A ROLL TO LAY ON 'HANG-NAIL' IN THE FOURTH RACE TOMORROW!!



BOO HOO--ALL MY HOLIDAY HAPPINESS WILL NOW BE SPOILED BECAUSE OF THOSE TIGHT HUSBANDS!



SIS--THE HUSBANDS DON'T KNOW IT--BUT HERE'S WHAT THEY ALL KICKED INTO YOUR CHARITY DRIVE!



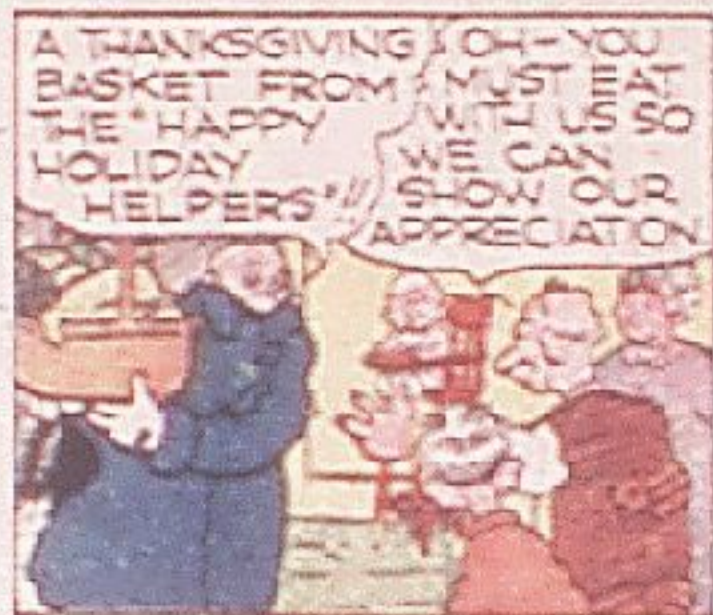


# LALA

VINCENT'S  
THANKSGIVING  
GUEST PROTECTING  
CARVING SHIELD

# PALOOZA

By Vincent & S. F. F. F.



More of Lala Palooza and Vincent In the December Issue—on sale October 28th.



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## POCKET SIZE RADIO

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## SWEATER EMBLEMS



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# Teamwork TURNS THE TRICK

1. DOCTOR: Your mother's full was serious. I've got to stand by till she comes to. But we'll need this medicine when she does. Ride to the drug store as fast as you can.



JOE: Here's a quicker way. I'll stop now. You phone the store to give it to Eddie East. Then phone him to get it and ride out to meet me.

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3. JOE: You made good time, Eddie. Thanks a lot!



4. DOCTOR: Just in time, boys! Never thought you'd make it so fast!

EDDIE: These Westfields have what it takes! I'll ride back with you.



JOE: Thank Eddie for that, Doctor. But (there are a whole lot of these Westfield-made bikes!)



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